The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, *27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* April *will be noticed in the* May *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th May, *in the* June *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

At the request of the family Mr. Sidney Colvin is to edit the Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. He has received already many letters of the deepest interest, including a series to Mr. J. M. Barrie.

Mr. George Augustus Sala is still in Rome, and still, we regret to hear, very unwell. His autobiography has so far sold extremely well, and Messrs. Cassell are at present busy preparing a large third edition.

We understand that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has prevailed on his father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling, to do the illustrations to his new Jungle Book to be published at the end of this year.

We believe that the "editions" of Mr. Balfour's 'Foundations of Belief' each represent not less than 3,000 copies, and that the third edition is well on the way to being sold out.

Prof. Dowden will shortly publish through Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co. a new volume of Essays, to which he will probably give the title of 'New Studies in Literature.' The larger number of the essays have already been published serially in the *Fortnightly Review*. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., of Boston, will issue an American edition of the book simultaneously with Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co.

Perhaps no first book of a new author has had the success of 'Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.' Thirty thousand copies have been sold in about five months, and another large edition is in the press. Ian Maclaren is engaged on a one-volume novel.

During the past month another copy of Robert Browning's first book, 'Pauline,' has been recovered. It fell into the hands of Mr. Jesse Jaggard, of Liverpool, who promptly disposed of it for £60. This is the ninth copy now known to be extant.

Mr. Gladstone had a very warm admiration for Professor Blackie's translation of 'Faust.' The second edition was sent to him in 1880, and in his letter of thanks Mr. Gladstone said: "It has all the force and flow of an original work. I feel the immense, the overmastering power of Goethe, but with such limited knowledge as I have of his works, I am unable to answer the question whether he has or has not been an evil genius of humanity." The proofs of this edition were revised by Professor Blackie's old friend, Dr. Walter Smith.

Professor Blackie owed much to Carlyle's help in the publication of his translation of Æschylus. When Carlyle heard that the work was in progress, he wrote (April 16th, 1849), "You are engaged on Æschylus, which beyond doubt is a good book to try. A Body of Greek literature is what the world now emphatically demands of the scholarguild, which it has kept up this long time regardless of expense, and I must say, with intrinsically astonishing results hitherto!" Carlyle took great personal trouble to find a publisher for the book, and eventually lighted upon Mr. J. W. Parker, of the Strand. Mr. Parker consented to publish the translation, but only at the author's risk, as he had already lost so much by translations from Greek classical writers.

Almost every statesman now prominent corresponded more or less frequently with Professor Blackie. Sir William Harcourt once wrote him from Osborne about the condition of the West Highlands. "I have learned," said the Home Secretary of 1881, "to love the Hebrides and their inhabitants better than any spot on the globe, and what I said [the reference is to a recent speech at Glasgow] came from my heart. I believe it is an immense mistake to apply our own standard of comfort and happiness to others, and I feel sure from what I have seen of the Celts of the Long Island and of Skye, that they have as much enjoyment of their life and as much attachment to their homes even as those who live in the place in which I am now writing to you."

Cardinal Manning and the late professor were at one time regular correspondents. Indeed, Blackie had friendly relations with not a few Roman Catholic dignitaries. Bishop Macdonald was a frequent visitor to Altnacraig. One of the most interesting occasions of Professor Blackie's life was his visit to Cardinal Howard's palace at Rome, where he heard Newman explain his reasons for leaving the Church of England. It is not generally known that Blackie followed with great interest the later developments of thought among English Nonconformists.

In the care of his library Professor Blackie's habits were neat to the point of fastidiousness. He knew the exact position on his shelves of every one of his seven thousand volumes. He did not much care to lend books, as he suffered many losses, and if books were taken away by a guest, the borrower had to write his name in a little notebook kept specially for the purpose. He used to tell how, when at Aberdeen in 1845, he once went on a walking tour

to study the Roman camps in the north of Scotland. His pockets were filled with guides, maps, and the best text-books on his subject. At Fettercairn he attracted much attention by unpacking his store of volumes in order to look up some point. "Ye'll be in the book line," said the worthy postmaster, sauntering up to his side, "and," added the Professor, "I never undeceived him."

At Pitlochry, last summer, Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall' was his morning study. He constantly spoke of the grandeur of Gibbon's style and the vivid pictures which never faded from the mind. He read very few novels; one of his favourites was 'Lothair.' When it came out he was staying with the Dobells in Gloucestershire, and he read the three-volume edition, afterwards sending a letter of warm commendation to the *Scotsman*. Messrs. Longmans sent the letter to Disraeli, who returned the Professor his cordial thanks. On Sunday mornings Blackie made it his invariable practice to study some book of the Bible, or else some Scriptural character. He often made notes of this reading, but did no other work of any kind on Sundays. He went to church in the afternoon, never in the morning. On Sunday evenings he liked to read aloud such a poem as "The Dream of Gerontius," or a prose work of serious character. He was an extremely rapid writer, and as he filled the pages, dropped them one by one on the floor of his study. As a correspondent he was most punctual, answering the day's letters immediately after breakfast. His favourite science was geology, which he studied with the utmost interest. Often, when travelling with a party in some hitherto unexplored district, he would startle his friends by a full and accurate disquisition on the rock-formation of the neighbourhood.

Mr. Harold Frederic, the special London correspondent of the *New York Times*, has been returning to the subject of the popularity of English authors in America. In the first number of the American Bookman most interesting lists are given of the best selling books in the largest towns in the States, and they thoroughly confirm our assertion that English novelists are much more popular at present in America than American novelists. We never said that this was the result of the copyright agreement, and we are glad to find that Mr. Frederic himself in his article on the subject does not make this mistake. There is no question that copyright is a mutual advantage, and it will be much more a mutual advantage when the law is amended. But what is disappointing in the aspect of things is the undoubted fact that America is not producing at present new writers of promise. We have carefully read over the interviews in the *New York Times*, and see no mention of any such. Of course there is Mr. Crawford, but he has been writing long. There is Miss Wilkins, but she is not a new writer. Mr. Howells and Mr. Cable we know, but they might also be termed veterans. But who are the men to correspond with the Barries, the Kiplings, the Crocketts, the Ian Maclarens of England, and who are the new writers of good short stories?

Mr. Thomas Hardy's new novel, now appearing in *Harper*, will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Osgood in one volume at 6s.

We understand that the next story which Mr. S. R. Crockett can sell for serial purposes will be fo r publication early next century.

A collection of Catholic Poetry is the latest addition promised to the numerous list of poetic anthologies. It is being prepared by Mrs. William Sharp, editor of 'Woman's Voices' and other popular selections, including two volumes of Heine in the Scott Library. Mr. Elkin Mathews will publish the Anthology—the first, we believe, to be devoted to the remarkable band of English Catholic poets, from Crashaw down.

We understand that the Browning Palace in Venice is in the market.

We are sorry to learn that Edna Lyall is in delicate health. She has been compelled to give up her engagement to write a serial for one of the magazines to be published in 1896.

Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen, not Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, as stated in our last number, will publish 'Eve's Ransom,' Mr. Gissing's story now running in the *Illustrated London News*.

Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen will issue, in the course of the next few weeks, an edition of Mr. William Morris's 'The Wood Beyond the World.'

Mr. Quiller Couch is writing 'Yuletide,' Messrs. Cassell's Annual, for this year.

Messrs. Osgood and McIlvaine have in the press a new novel by Mr. Egerton Castle, entitled 'The Light of Scarthey,' which will, in accordance with the new publishing fashion, appear from the first in one volume, although of three-volume length. The scene is laid in the North Country at the time of the period of peace 1814-15, before the "Hundred Days." The story will appear first as a serial, in the *Times* weekly edition.

This is the first long piece of fiction which Mr. Egerton Castle has produced since the publication, four years ago, of 'Consequences' (Bentley). During the interval, however, he has issued a revised edition of his 'Schools and Masters of Fence,' written a number of shorter stories, one volume of which, 'La Bella and Others' (Cassells), has already been collected; a history of 'English Bookplates,' which has become a standard work and passed through several editions; and (in collaboration with Mr. W. Pollock) a one-act play, entitled 'Saviolo,' which has been purchased by Mr. Henry, Irving.

Mr. Anthony Hope is at present busy at his new story, which is to be a sequel to 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' Messrs. Methuen and Co. will shortly issue a new edition of Mr. Hope's first novel, 'A Man of Mark,' and Messrs. Henry Holt have already brought out a new edition for the American market uniform with their edition of 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' It is interesting to note that this edition is copyright in the United States.

The Port of Spain *Gazette* has published an interview with Mr. W. S. Gilbert. The illustrious librettist represents the object of his tour to be rest and leisure, not fresh dramatic

material; but, all the same, he likes to see the markets-stores, and streets where the people congregate, and to watch the life they lead. So perhaps we may yet hope to see West Indian life as refracted by Gilbertian vision represented on the London stage.

Mr. Walter Besant, who has just recovered from a severe attack of influenza, has gone to the seaside to recruit before resuming his work on that great enterprise, 'The Survey of London.'

In America the eleventh edition of Mr. Kidd's 'Social Evolution' is to be published in paper covers at twenty-five cents. An enormous circulation is anticipated.

The Chicago *Chap-Book* has a good paper on Robert Louis Stevenson, by Eve Blantyre Simpson, daughter of Sir James Simpson. There are some new things in it, thus:—

"After the 'Inland Voyage,' Louis was full of a project to buy a barge and saunter through the canals of Europe, Venice being the far-off terminus. A few select shareholders in this scheme were chosen, mostly artists, for the barge plan was projected in the mellow autumnal days at Fontainebleau Forest, where artists abounded. Robert A. Stevenson, Louis's cousin, than a wielder of the brush, was to be of the company. He, too, though he came of the shrewd Scottish civil engineer stock, had, like his kinsman, a foreign look and a strong touch of Bohemianism in him. He, also, with these alien looks, had his cousin's attractive power of speech and fertile imagination. The barge company were then all in the hey-day of their youth. They were to paint fame-enduring pictures, as they leisurely sailed through life and Europe, and when bowed, grey-bearded, bald-headed men, they were to cease their journeyings at Venice. There, before St. Mark's, a crowd of clamorously eager picture dealers and lovers of art were to be waiting to purchase the wonderful work of the wanderers. The scene in the piazza of St. Mark's on the barge's arrival, and the excited throng of anxious buyers, the hoary-headed artists, tottering under the weight of canvases, was pictured in glowing colours by their author, when the forest was smelling of the 'ripe breath of autumn.' The barge was purchased, but bankruptcy presently stared its shareholders in the face. The picture dealers of that day were not thirsting to buy shareholders' pictures. The man of the pen had only ventured on an 'Inland Voyage,' and as yet no golden harvest for his work lined the pockets of his velveteen coat. The barge was arrested and, with it, the canoes which have earned an everlasting fame through the 'Arethusa's' pen. They were rescued, the barge sold and the company wound up."

Miss Simpson says:—

"He was very sore and somewhat rebellious over writing not being considered a profession, and having to bend to his good father in so far as to join the Scottish bar. For long 'R. L. Stevenson, Advocate,' was on the door-plate of 17, Heriot Row. The Parliament House saw him seldom, never therein to practise his bewigged profession. We frightened him much by avowing that a clerk was hunting for him, and even the rich library below the trampling advocate's feet could not wile him into the old Hall for some time after that false scare. He also heard he had been dubbed 'That Gifted Boy and the New Chatterton' by an idle legal wit. That name more nearly persuaded him to have his hair shorn to an orthodox length than any other entreaty. Like all people with character, he had animosities, but he was very just and tolerant in belabouring an adversary with his tongue, which, considering he was in the full bloom of the critical self-satisfiedness of youth, showed a just mind and kindliness of heart. Some people, whose stupid dulness he had fallen foul of and had hurled some sarcasms at, he next, in his queer inquisitive way, fell to wondering what it would be like to be inside their torpid minds and view things from their dead level. . . . . The Jekyll and Hyde plot he had in his brain, and told us of in those days. Burke and Hare had a fascination for him. A novel called the 'Great North Road' was another plot in his mind. His 'Virginibus Puerisque' is dedicated to W. E. Henley, of whom I heard Stevenson speak when he had first discovered him an invalid in the Edinburgh Infirmary. He came in glowing with delight at the genius he had found, and began ransacking our shelves for books for him.

A new volume of 'Songs,' by "Doilie Radford" (Mrs. Ernest Radford), author of 'A Light Load,' is also announced.

Messrs. Remington and Co. will publish shortly Mr. Albert Chevalier's Reminiscences. This 'Record,' as the volume will be called, is to be illustrated.

The same firm are pushing forward their "Foreign Classics Series," which Mr. Sonley Johnstone is editing. The first volume will be a selection from Moliere's 'Plays.'

Mr. J. Bloundelle Burton has recently completed the MS. of a new novel entitled 'In Adversity.' We hear that the British and Australian serial rights have already been placed for publication, commencing in July this year.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will shortly issue a new novel by a new author. The novel is entitled 'Rhoda Roberts,' and is a tale of the Welsh mining country. The author is Mr. Harry Lindsay, who has already made a reputation as a writer for the provincial press.

"We are glad to know," writes a correspondent, "that a collected edition of Mr. Ernest Radford's Poems is in course of preparation by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Mr. Radford has printed from time to time quite a series of remarkable small books of verse, of which 'Measured Steps' and 'Chambers Twain' are perhaps best known. These contain many items in which a certain caustic wit and tender fancy are cast into very concentrative verse, after a manner rare in our fluent days, and which well deserve to be rescued by this timely reprint. Their writer, among our younger contemporaries, has certainly not yet had the recognition he deserves." Mr. Radford, we may add, is yet another member of the prolific Rhymers' Club, and is moreover a Bewick specialist.

Among recent Welsh books the "Adgofion" (Recollections) of "Andronicus," Mr. J. W. Jones, afford a striking collection of both fact and fiction, set forth with much humour, local colour, and charm. His reminiscences of old Bala form, in particular, a delightful contribution to the history of that pleasant little town and its famous associations.

'Trilby' still heads the list of books in demand in the United States. Mr. Besant's new story, 'Beyond the Dreams of Avarice,' has a good place, and Mr. S. L. Yeats' 'Honour of Savelli' does well. Very few purely American books appear prominently in the lists, the chief exception being 'The Ralstons,' which seems to circulate everywhere.

Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, the author of 'Lesser's Daughter,' etc., etc., is at present staying at Fowey in Cornwall, which claims Mr. Quiller Couch and Mr. Barrie as residents.

The sale of the library of Mr. C. B. Foote, held at New York on January 30-31, was an event of the highest importance to collectors of the first editions of the works of the great modern authors, and proved conclusively the absurdity of the irresponsible remarks which have been made of late in certain quarters to the effect that the demand for such books was lessening, and their value declining in consequence. Of the 275 lots included in the sale, quite 260

brought record prices, and only in some half-dozen instances were the prices realised below those reached upon previous occasions. In another column will be found a list of the principal lots, with the prices at which they were sold.

One of the most notable features of the sale was the number of books which upon this occasion made their first appearance in an auction room; Browning's 'Pauline,' E. B. Browning's 'Battle of Marathon' and 'Runaway Slave,' George Herbert's 'Temple,' Andrew Lang's 'Lines on the Inaugural Meeting of the Shelley Society' and 'Tercentenary of Izaak Walton,' Matthew Arnold's 'Geist's Grave,' Rossetti's 'Verses,' 1881, and Browning's 'Gold Hair,' all books of the greatest rarity, came for the first time under the auctioneer's hammer.

In our review of Mr. F. S. Ellis's 'Reynard the Fox' in the March number there were some misquotations, which are corrected here:—

"none can deem the strain too much,
But saddening when the tune is o'er,
The ravished ear still craves for more."

"So reached he to the deeming place
With virtue written in his face,
And standing there before the King,
Cried with loud voice, 'May sorrow's sting
Fall now on my devoted pate
Unless I me exonerate
Of all the crimes and murders foul
Which villains charge against my soul.

. . . . . .

Listen not, monarch of the woods,
To all the false unlikelihoods
Whereby my unrelenting foes
Would cast me in death's bitter throes.
Through the wide world there breathes no man,
Whatso may be his tribe or clan,
Who'd stand with thee 'gainst Fortune's shocks
Like thy tried friend, old Reynard Fox."

Mr. Ellis is revising his 'Reynard,' and means to issue it in a popular form.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

February 18 to March 23, 1895.

With the advent of Lent commences the quiet time of the Book Trade, and the present year is no exception, the decrease of business being very marked. The favourable weather of the last fortnight should somewhat improve matters, but up to the present it does not appear to have made much difference. Orders from India have been a little heavier, but otherwise there has not been much change outside the home trade.

There has been the usual inquiry for Lent manuals and works of devotion, but in this department the general tendency to lessened published prices is felt. There has been a simultaneous decrease in the sale of general "light" literature. Why this takes place is a mystery, as it is quite possible that the reader of the latest "neurotic" novel (to quote the critic) is not much troubled by a "fast." The system of "net" published prices is being extended to magazines. Whether or no the experiment will be a success remains to be seen. It has been carried to the extent of issuing a periodical at 3d. net!

Considerable confusion is caused by the duplicating of book titles. This will probably continue until there is some compulsory system of registration at, possibly, a nominal charge.

There is the usual spring demand for books on gardening, a pursuit which appears to receive increased attention every year. Each popular flower has now a separate treatise devoted to it. Some of the works on orchids are very beautifully illustrated.

Few modern treatises on theology have been so favourably received as Denney's 'Studies,' published a few months since. Possibly the superiority of the style in which it was brought out contributed not a little to its popularity.

Interest still centres in Corea, and is evinced by the continued demand for Mr. Landor's 'Corea, the Land of the Morning Calm,' and other works of a similar nature.

It is a little too soon to expect much inquiry for works on outdoor pursuits, but booksellers appear to be making up their stocks of works on wild flowers and birds, judging by the orders received for Mr. Gordon's handbooks on these subjects.

Will the bookseller's shop ever again be a centre of literary intercourse? A possible solution of the question may be found in the publication of the 'Bulletin of New Books and New Editions,' which will shortly be issued twice a week in a form convenient for posting up in the shop or filing in the library. Although the list of the more popular books includes many of the latest novels, it must be borne in mind that the numbers sold during the last month are smaller than previously. The poets do not seem to attract much notice.

List of principal works in demand at the time of going to press:—

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
Earl Lavender. By John Davidson. 6s.
Into the Highways and Hedges. By F. F. Montrésor. 6s.
Lilac Sunbonnet (The). By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Raiders (The). By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Tales of Mean Streets. By E. Morrison. 6s.
Trail of the Sword (The). By G. Parker. 6s.
Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By W. Besant. 6s.
Manxman (The). By Hall Caine. 6s.
Bondman (The). By Hall Caine. 6s.
Gallia. By M. M. Dowie. 6s.
Woman who Did (The). By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d. net.
Prisoner of Zenda (The). By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
Mysteries of Marseilles (The). By E. Zola. 3s. 6d.
Discords. By G. Egerton. 3s. 6d. net.
Second Mrs. Tanqueray (The). By A. W. Pinero. 5s.
Studies in Theology. By J. Denney. 5s.
Voice, Speech, and Gesture. By H. Campbell and others. 7s. 6d.
Great War with Russia (The). By W. H. Russell. 5s.
Corea. By A. H. S. Landor. 18s.
Boyle (Dean) Recollections. 16s.
Unknown Life of Christ (The). By N. Notovitch. 5s.
Craven (Mrs. A.) Memoir of. 2 vols. £1 1s.

Weekly Statement of the Wholesale Book Trade.

Week ending

Feb. 23, 1895.—A moderate week, fluctuating considerably. Continental orders steady. Indian and Colonial very light.

March 2, „ —Better at commencement, but declining at the close. Continental unchanged. Indian orders better.

„ 9, „ —A good week for the time of the year. No change in Foreign or Colonial market.

„ 16, „ —Lent having fairly commenced, trade became very quiet. Foreign and Colonial trade about the same.

„ 23, „ —Still very quiet in Home trade, with little prospect of immediate improvement. Colonial trade a little improved. Foreign unchanged.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE annual dinner of the Société des Gens de Lettres was held two days ago at Marguéry's restaurant, the guest of honour being M. Henry Houssaye, the president-elect for the coming year, who sat between the present president, Monsieur Aurélien Scholl, and Monsieur Emile Zola, his predecessor. The Société evidently likes, from year to year, to vary its presidents as much as possible, for where in the wide world could three so different *littérateurs* be found as the three gentlemen who sat at the head of the table at the banquet in question, Zola, Scholl, and Houssaye —the presidents past, present, and about to be? Houssaye who is the eldest son of Arsène Houssaye, is an admirable Greek scholar. At the age of nineteen he published his first book, the 'Histoire d'Apelles,' a study of Greek art, which attracted some attention at the time and went into three editions in two years. M. Houssaye then went to Greece and spent some months there, and after the war during which he distinguished himself as officer in the *garde mobile*, he published a 'History of Alcibiades and the Athenian Republic,' from the death of Pericles to the Thirty Tyrants. . . . This work received the triennial prize founded by Monsieur Thiers, and went into several editions. Since then Monsieur Houssaye has published several other works on Greek History and Art, notably, a 'Mémoire sur le nombre des citoyens d'Athènes au V^e^ Siècle' and a 'La Loi agraire à Sparte.' He is equally well known as an art critic, and under the pseudonym of George Werner has contributed to the principal art journals in Paris.

It is perhaps rather late to speak of the banquet given in honour of Monsieur de Goncourt on March 1st, but one does not like to omit all reference to it. The dinner was an abominable one, a very dish of herbs, but the company was most pleasant and the evening passed in an altogether agreeable manner. I never saw Zola look more radiant. Those who have described this great-hearted man of letters as an envious man, jealous of the triumphs of others, have cruelly libelled him. His voice trembled with emotion when in his speech he reminded de Goncourt of their thirty years' friendship, and I do not think that anybody applauded louder than Emile Zola when Monsieur Poincaré produced the officer's cross of the Legion of Honour, and wished to pin it on to de Goncourt's breast. Dear old de Goncourt looked very happy; the first time that I have seen him look so, and I think that, next to the sight of a happy child, there is nothing comelier in the world than a very happy, very old man. Monsieur Poincaré, the Minister of Public Instruction, made a number of friends that night. He is an exceedingly amiable young man and knows how to manage literary people. I saw various young writers introduced to him in the course of the evening, and he seemed to know what each of them had written, and had a pleasant word to say to each on his work. It was a striking example of how very much better it is in this world to be able to speak than to write, from the point of view of rewards to be obtained, when one looked at this young man of thirty-four, by the side of the man of seventy-five—Edmond de Goncourt—the young man praising with eagerly listened-to words of praise the old man, and finally presenting him, in the name of the French Government, of which he himself was a member, with a highly coveted distinction. It is true that Monsieur Poincaré's modesty was such that this little scene passed off without suggesting any unpleasant reflections on the comparative values of politics and literature as careers to be followed, and the implication was that literature has nothing to envy from politics, which we all knew, although some of us thought that politics was less of a step-mother than the career we were following. I saw Poincaré again on the following Sunday night at the delightful soirée given by Monsieur Charpentier, the publisher, and again admired his tact and *savoir-faire*. I wish that we had a Minister of that sort in England; our poor little interests would be better looked after. I spoke to Poincaré about that Canadian scheme for impoverishing us, and he said it was "*honteux*," but his eye twinkled, and I thought that secretly he was exulting, as a Frenchman, at this little revolt on the part of the Canadians. The French begrudge us Canada more than anything else, and no true Frenchman but is pleased to hear of English worries in Canada. It is some compensation for the Treaty of Paris of 1763. I would have talked at greater length on the subject with His Excellency, but just then Sarah Bernhardt's golden voice raised itself above the hubbub, and we had to be silent whilst she recited from an illumined parchment some Gothic verses by Count Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac on the guest of the evening. The Count was there and looked amazingly like his portrait by Whistler in the last Salon.

It was at Charpentier's that I met George Hugo again, a young man with a beard. The last time I had seen him was when he was twelve years old and wore knickerbockers and a short jacket. That was at Victor Hugo's house. I remember the occasion well. That night I had dined with the master, and there was some celebrity present, a Russian, I think, who loved to hear himself talk and did talk incessantly. Victor Hugo liked to do all the talking himself at his table, and I shall not forget the tone with which during a lull in the conversation (the Russian was drinking a glass of wine, I fancy), he was heard to exclaim from his place, "*On a oublié de me passer les biscuits.*" It was like Louis XIV. complaining that he had nearly been made to wait. After dinner little Jeanne and George came in, and we witnessed the delights of being a grandfather. Now Jeanne is a comely matron with a little boy, and has been married and separated from her husband, and George has a beard and is the father of children; and so the world goes.

Alphonse Daudet caused me a very unhappy afternoon some days ago. I had just been to see Detaille's portrait of the Prince of Wales and was returning home blithely, when I heard myself hailed and saw Daudet in a cab. He asked me to get in and told me that he was driving about for his pleasure and that I must come with him. We went to Ledoyen's and had a bottle of champagne to drink confusion to sundry, and whilst there Daudet told me that Coppée was *à la mort*. He added that he had taken cold on leaving his house the previous Thursday and was despaired of. We both moaned and mourned, and all the while it was our dear Daudet's Provençal imagination which had exaggerated into a fatal malady what was only a bad cold in the head. Still, as poor Coppée has only one of two necessary lungs any chest trouble must fill his friends

with anxiety. And we cannot spare Coppée, however easily we might spare certain of his verses. He is a beautiful man and very dear brother to us all.

For the first time for I do not know how many months I passed down the *grands boulevards* yesterday, and being there went into the office of *La Nouvelle Revue* to wish Madame Adam the compliments of the season and to hear about her Memoirs. I found a number of young bucks in the outer office, some correcting proofs, others smoking cigarettes, and one was writing poetry on the back of an arm-chair. Madame Adam was in an inner room and received me as usual, as though I had been a prodigal son. She is the most motherly of women is Madame Adam, and the youths who write for her call her "*Ma mère.*" She calls them "*mes moutards.*" She told me that as to the English rights of her Memoirs she intends to sell them to an American publisher, who will arrange for the publication in England also. She wouldn't tell me the publisher's name, but she said that he was somebody connected with the 'North American Review.' The first volume—there are to be eight—will deal with her childhood, the second with her literary *débuts*, the third, which has already been published, is about the Commune, and the fourth is about her first coquettings with politics. I did not hear what the other volumes were to be about, for at that moment one of Madame Adam's grand-daughters came into the office, and with her appeared Léon Daudet, and the conversation changed. But she asked me to come again, and very possibly I may do so, some time before the end of the century.

Léon Daudet told me yesterday that his father has decided to accept the Reform Club banquet in London. George Hugo is coming to London with the party, and so is Léon Daudet, who will represent his father on occasions where Alphonse Daudet cannot appear. Alphonse Daudet has asked me to come with him as his guest, but I told him that he would probably get sick of me in twenty-four hours, and there the matter rests at present. Madame Daudet Lucien and Edmée Daudet will come too, and possibly M. de Goncourt. This will be at the beginning of May.

Maurice Barrés has given up the editorship of *La Cocarde.* I was sure that he would never be able to stick to journalism—and such journalism. He is a man altogether too refined for that sort of thing. I once asked him how he could stand the smell of a newspaper office and the noise, and the sight of the sort of people who collect round the printing-machines. He said, "I only go there with my carriage at the door." Journalism is very pleasant when one has a carriage at the door and swift horses in it. But even under such circumstances Barrés, as I was sure, has been unable to persist in it.

Victor Hugo was definitely interred in the Panthéon today. George Hugo would have nobody there but the members of the family and Paul Meurice, and so I cannot describe the lugubrious ceremony of the transfer from the provisional coffin to the sarcophagus of the bones of the poet. To-night's evening papers have reports of the thing, but these need not be quoted.

Huysman's last book seems the best thing that he has yet done. "*En Route*" continues the story of Dortal; the priest of *la messe noire* of whom we heard in *Là-Bas* gives us his reformation and his peregrinations "*en route*" for salvation. We have a picture of life in La Trappe, but what is most excellent in this book is the description of various Parisian churches, that is to say of worship in these churches. The style is most captivating. It takes you by the throat from the very first page, and holds you till the book is finished, whether you like the story, such as it is, or not. Huysman is a great master and a perfect artist, and we can take off our hats as he passes by.

Richepin is at work on a new novel which is very nearly finished. I met him *dans le monde* some nights back, and here too I found a very genial man. I had known him bitter, battlesome, and aggressive. And now he is mild and considerate and friendly. A wave of pardon and tolerance seems to have swept over the world of French writers, and charity and love reign in the stead of enmity. It is very pretty that this should be so. Let us hope to see it in England also, but I fear that we shall wait long for that consummation.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

123, *Boulevard Magenta, Paris.*

THE READER.

GALT'S SCOTLAND.

GALT'S Scotland was the shire of Ayr, the district known throughout the world as "the land of Burns." Galt himself was Irvine born and Greenock bred. Carlyle wrote of him that he was a "broad, gawsy Greenock man," as if to say that the men of Greenock were generally broad and gawsy—and to this day you can notice men get more narrow (in all the special Scotch senses of the word) the farther east you go. Something of this largeness and frankness, and of other qualities not to be mentioned, peculiar to the west, is discovered in all Galt's characters; and their speech betrays them that they were born within sound of the bars of Ayr. But Galt is more than the novelist of a county, even as Burns is more than the poet of a county. Our eyes are not blinded by the strength of his local colour to the large outline of his picture. For all their local peculiarities and turn of speech, his lairds and lawyers and merchants and ministers are representative of their class in lowland Scotland anywhere. Provost Pawkie might have been a Fifer. Despite her want of wit, Leddy Grippy is own sister (though in another rank of life) to the "leddies" in the east, whose portraits in their caustic old age have been drawn often, and in their youth once at least—in Barbara Grant. Indeed, to the reader who is not an Ayrshire man, and has been bred on fireside tales of another countryside, the 'Annals,' the 'Provost,' the 'Entail,' are full of surprising coincidences. From his own stock of story, he could match incident with incident. Mr. Balwhidder's "memorables" are those of his own parish, and the humours of Gudetown those of his own burgh. There is, too, a special value in these works because of the period which they cover. Galt was born in 1779 and died in 1839; and these dates may be taken conveniently as its limits. It was the Scotland of our great-grandfathers, and it was the Scotland of their great-grandfathers: the Scotland that had lain in a long and comfortable sleep, and was awakening to claim its new estate.

Galt shows us, thus, both the old Scotland and the new

that was looming. In the 'Annals' is marked especially the far-reachingness of the dominion which the kirk had to yield. Watching the movement of life in the countrysides then, the conduct of their affairs, week by week, we see the kirk the spring and centre of rural economy. The effect of this, spiritually and morally, even upon subsequent generations, is a constant theme in present-day Scottish fiction. It is curious, however, that none of the later writers addresses himself to mark the material change when the hold of the kirk was loosened upon the conduct of rural affairs—the relief of the poor, the direction of education, the punishment of evil-doers. It would be curious that none has done so, at any rate, were they, indeed, antiquaries in manners, and not really romancers (with the natural instinct of the portrait-painter) in an age that does not favour compromise with the facts under its eyes. What time has done for later writers, the accidents of his life did for Galt. He was a man of affairs, had travelled widely, and had mixed with men and women of all degrees. By nature his instinct was for the heroic. He rejoiced in vast undertakings, and conceived his pictures, as he conducted his experiments, in the grand style. Thus he, like the present pourtrayers of Scottish life, sees his subject from without. But there the resemblance ceases. Galt's view is that of a man who notes changes, and is anxious to fix the causes at work. He places Mr. Micah Balwhidder in Dalmailing in the old order, and by the subtlest transmutation establishes the new before he relieves him of his charge. Mr. Pawkie, again, enters the Council of Gudetown according to the "ancient dexterous ways" of corruption; but, by steps which we are shown, he is brought to the knowledge, in his second provostship, "that there was a wakerife common-sense abroad among the opinions of men, and that the secret of the new way of ruling the world was to follow, not to control, the evident dictates of the popular voice." This is Galt's point of view—the more intellectual, the less sensitive to human emotions, the result, it would seem, of an unusual blending of an acute observation with a zeal for social experiments, and of great value to the student of history because it regards the causes of changes which from others are taken for granted.

Even in the latest stages of its transition, however, Galt's Scotland is wholly Scotch. The essential qualities of the race still shone on the nation's face. One cannot say that all these were angelic. There is a hard, material, unspiritual side to the Scottish character, almost always seen distortedly by the stranger, and often ignored or not seen at all by Scottish writers. Stevenson is an uncompromising witness to it. Galt sets it forth with the inflexible truth of his observation. Yet he is constantly surprised into testimony to its disappearance in the moment of some emotion of pity or love or grief; and his treatment of such incidents in his story—his composed high-seriousness as of one who naturally withdraws to a higher level in the face of any of the great forces of nature—is itself characteristic of the people whom he is describing. More frequently, however, the greyness of his picture is relieved by streaks of broad and almost gross humour—the pranks of Robin Boss the drummer, the affair of Betty Wudrife and her cloak, the stramash at the Widow Fenton's. Every one who is acquainted with life in a burgh town, even a generation ago only, recognises these as typical of its humours. With what assiduity these were fostered, and what abundance of leisure was found for the task! The channel for them was generally some Davie Gellatley, of whom there were all varieties—witless naturals, in the pattern of whose sayings there was yet much that was like the inner side of wisdom. "Gentility," I have heard of one saying—he was the unacknowledged son of a man of position—"Gentility without ability is like a puddin' without suet—I'm sair in need o' suet." This creature's craze was that he was entitled to the throne: he would not answer save when addressed "Your Majesty," and I remember that he delighted to be called "King Dalmahoy." I can recall many others such, Daft Jamies of every pitch upon whom the wags played staves that kept the town merry. For Galt's Scotland was inhabited by a fun-loving people. Galt makes this clear; and to me it has been made clearer still by other and unpublished story-tellers, who told their tales with a relish, and with a wealth of simile, the shell of vernacular wit. No doubt life was very serious to the past generations, as many are fond of assuring us; but they salted it well with waggery.

D. S. Meldrum.

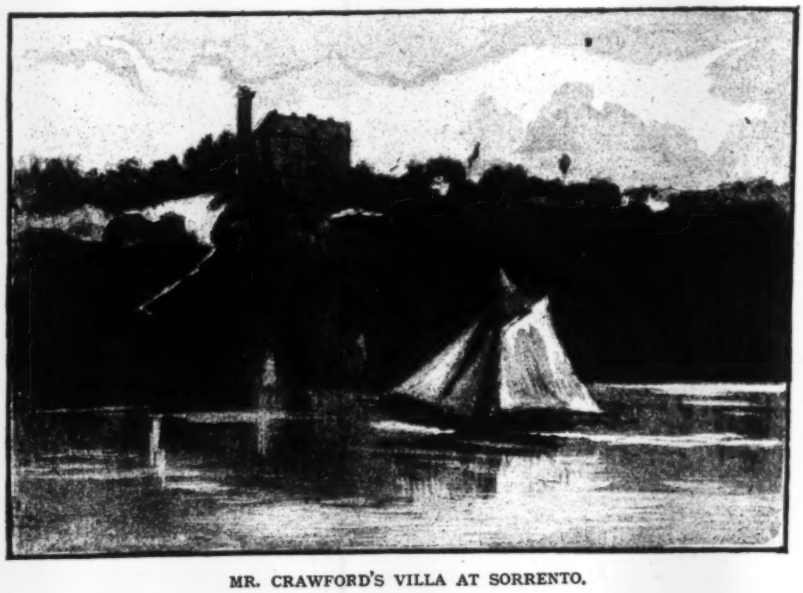
MARION CRAWFORD: A SHORT BIOGRAPHY.

"Mr. Marion Crawford's father, Thomas Crawford, was born in the West of Ireland, and brought to America when very young. He had a strong artistic bent, and designed the handsome marble mantels in the house of

F. Marion Crawford, 1890.

Mr. Ward, his future father-in-law. The work was so remarkable that he was sent to Rome, where he was a pupil of Thorwaldsen. There he met Miss Louisa Ward, who was

travelling with Dr. S. G. Howe and his wife, Julia Ward Howe. They fell in love and were married, and made Rome their home. Mr. Crawford, who was born in 1854, was the youngest of their four children. His father died in 1857, and he was then taken to Italy, where all his youth was spent. He studied mainly under a French governess, and to this day writes French with the ease of English. When twelve years of age, he was sent back to America, and went to Paul's School, Concord. Thereafter he studied in England, first with a clergyman in Hatfield Regis ("The Lonely Parish"), and then at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he went in for boating and mathematics. Then followed student days at Karlsruhe and Heidelberg from 1874 to 1876, then for two years at the University of Rome, where he had a tutor who taught him Sanskrit. Becoming interested, he went to India to learn more Sanskrit. After a series of troubles, he obtained an engagement on the *Allahabad Indian Herald*, an afternoon daily paper of which he was editor. The work was arduous, including a leading article and several paragraphs every day. He picked up a great deal about Buddhism and other Oriental lore, and at Simla met the original of Mr. Isaacs, a real man, whose name was Jacobs. He continued editor of the *Herald* for eighteen months, and it was the hardest work he ever did. In 1880 he returned to Italy, where he again found himself without means or work, so he took passage in an old steamer for America early in 1881. There he entered Harvard as a special student, taking a course in Sanskrit. He wrote book reviews and articles on philosophical themes.

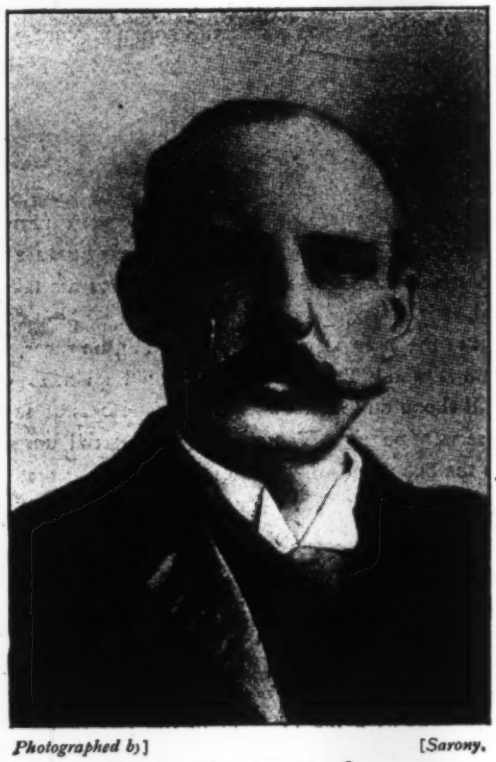


MR. CRAWFORD'S VILLA AT SORRENTO.

On May 5th, 1882, his uncle, Samuel Ward, asked him to dinner at a New York club. In the course of conversation afterwards, Crawford told with a great deal of detail his recollections of an interesting man whom he had met in Simla. When he had finished, Sam Ward said to him, "That is a good magazine story, and you must write it out immediately." That night he began 'Mr. Isaacs,' and finished it on June 13th, 1882. The novel was accepted by Messrs. Macmillan, and was followed by 'Dr. Claudius.' 'Mr. Isaacs' became popular immediately, and, at Mr. Aldrich's request, Mr. Crawford wrote 'The Roman Singer' for the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Other stories followed, most of them written very rapidly. 'Marzio's Crucifix' was produced in ten days, and 'The Tale of a Lonely Parish' in twenty-four days—one chapter a day of about five thousand words. The author sailed for Italy in May, 1883, and spent most of the year 1884 in Constantinople, where he was married to a daughter of General Berdan, and in 1885 went back to Italy and to Sorrento, where his villa is, and where he has lived ever since, with the exception of his two visits to America in 1893 and 1894. In these thirteen years he has produced twenty-five novels, and his popularity is not only unabated, but increasing both in England and in America.

Mr. Crawford always sees the end of a story from the start. When he has thought over it, he takes a large sheet of paper, and, having decided on the size of the book, he makes up his mind that it shall have, say, twenty-four chapters. Along the left margin he marks the number of these chapters, one under the other, a line for each. He



Photographed by] [*Sarony.*

F. MARION CRAWFORD, 1894.

then decides on the culminating incident in each volume of his story, and the chapter in which it shall fall. He then fills in for the other chapters a catching word or phrase, which indicates the minor incidents in succession that culminate in the major incident. With this sketch

before him, he writes with great rapidity. He has only dictated one novel, and does not intend to dictate another, for he considers it a relative failure.

The origin of the Saracinesca stories was a walk he took in the interior of Italy with a tutor when he was a boy, the region in which he has placed the Saracinesca estates. When he wrote the first novel of the series, he did not intend a group, but the plan grew upon him, and the first story was received so kindly that he decided to continue the history through several generations, and make it in a sense representative of the life of the nobility of a certain class in modern Italy. Personally, he does not think it is very successful, though his critics are very kind towards the series, and the readers seem to like them. The book of all his novels which has most reality for him is 'Pietro Ghisleri,' and the book he enjoyed most in writing is 'Mr. Isaacs.' As is well known, Mr. Crawford has been working at a group of New York novels, in which the fortunes of a family are elaborated after the manner of his Saracinesca series, and in the serial which he is publishing in the *Century*, 'Casa Braccio,' he has introduced characters from both the Italian and American groups of novels. Mr. Crawford is only forty, and it may be confidently believed that his best work as a novelist is before him. We propose in our next number to attempt a critical estimate of his position. It may be added that Mr. Crawford is a devoted smoker, and that he fills his pipe with Mr. Barrie's "Arcadia" mixture.

DEGENERATION.*

At last Herr Max Nordau's celebrated indictment against the human race in the latter part of the nineteenth century, after alarming (or amusing) the world in German and French, makes its appearance (very well translated by the way), in English. We deserved the attention; for we supply a by no means inconsiderable part of the material. Herr Nordau, with a refreshing patriotism which will not cause more than a silent chuckle in well-bred breasts, is indeed convinced that English Romantic literature is only a descendant of German, and even a descendant in the second generation, French, it seems, having preceded it. So that the wicked literary historians who represent Scott and Coleridge as dying about the time when the French Romantic movement had just begun, Shelley, Keats, and Byron as dying well before that date, must evidently have practised the most outrageous imposture. We further learn (with similar effect on our economy), that German lyric poetry has been, *uninterruptedly* since Goethe, the first in the world. But if English began late, and never did very much, it had the decency to degenerate early, and it has supplied Herr Nordau with material not quite so ample indeed as that provided by French, but much ampler than that given by German.

The book is a very amusing one; somehow or other books of lamentation and mourning and woe of this kind generally are, and the present reviewer has seldom felt greater regret at the cruel limits of space than while dealing with it. It has about six hundred pages of about five hundred words each; your indictment, it is well known, has a tendency to the verbose. And as Herr Nordau, with the conscientiousness of his countrymen, is not contented without a more or less elaborate analysis of each author who is had up for judgment, the total number of dicta which it would be interesting to discuss, or even to cite, is very large indeed. One might take Herr Nordau from so many different points of view. How interesting, for instance, to make a little sermon or treatise on his engaging definition of the healthy as opposed to the "degenerate" attitude of man to woman. The healthy attitude, it seems, is one of "desire towards her for the time being, and indifference when the state of desire is not present"—a gracious ideal of health. One might construct a sort of map of the scholarship of a person whose Hellenism admits such a word as *chimiotaxia*, whose Latinism denies the existence of "decadence" in the Latin of the fourth and later centuries, and whose knowledge of his own literature (though Herr Nordau must be aware of, and indeed elsewhere quotes, a certain poem by a certain Wolfgang von Goethe, beginning *Ueber allen Gipfeln*) allows him to think that *pacem summa tenent* is a craze peculiar to Gautier and his followers.

But one must refuse these tempting paths, and perhaps, in a couple of columns for English readers, it may be as well to confine ourselves mainly to the English side. There is much else. Anyone who is not tired of Ibsen will find nearly forty thousand words on that master, at whom Herr Nordau alternately shivers with admiration and gesticulates with wrath. M. Zola comes in for it near the end of the book; and Count Tolstoi near the beginning. But our own "degenerates" have no reason to complain, and we may even say that some of them have reason to be not a little obliged to Herr Nordau. He begins with Rossetti, *velut ab Jove*, and we are bound to say that this is a little unfortunate, not for Rossetti but for Herr Nordau. At the outset (for the eighty pages or so which have gone before are nothing in such a book) of a volume of literary criticism one would like to have some earnest or hansel to assure us of the critic's taste and knowledge. Now Rossetti is, beyond all question, a poet about whom there may be considerable differences of opinion. But we think it not rash to say that anyone who does not recognize poetry, and poetry of the highest, in the well-known line of the *Blessed Damozel*,

"To one, it is ten years of years,"

—who does not see in it the perfect, simple, natural, unadorned, "inevitable" expression of passionate memory—really need not trouble himself to give any further opinions on poetical matters. Now to Herr Nordau this line "means absolutely nothing," though with German faith he nobly suggests that "there may exist a higher unity to which the single year may stand as one day does to a year." "The words 'year of years' therefore would signify 365 years." "But" he adds severely, "Rossetti is far from expressing the thought as intelligibly as this." On this passage, it will generally be admitted, Herr Nordau has impressed his own image and superscription so unmistakably that it is unnecessary to seek for them any further. But let us add that if he seems to take Rossetti not quite seriously enough he repairs this fault by taking the excellent M. Joséphin Peladan and the no less excellent Mr. Oscar Wilde, though with some sadness, yet at their fullest value. The

* 'Degeneration.' By Max Nordau. (London: Heinemann.)

"Sar" is to Herr Nordau, though sadly degenerate, a person of "rich and beautiful cerebral activity," some of his pages are "among the most splendid productions of a contemporary pen," his characters are "thoroughly aristocratic souls"; his "gifts are extraordinary." After this the reader who has yawned over Nebo, and wearily chuckled at Paula, will quite forgive Herr Nordau for calling Rossetti an "imbecile." It is the old case of the knight who swore by his honour and was not forsworn.

The book, of course, is not so bad as its worst parts. In some of the chapters, especially those on Wagner (we are not speaking from the musical point of view), and still more those on Nietzsche, there is distinct merit. In a dim sort of way, too, Herr Nordau has got hold of the fact, undeniable if not extremely novel or important, that when schools of art and thought, either at ends, or beginnings, or middles of centuries, have lost their first freshness and their most original exponents, they are apt to degenerate into caricatures of themselves, to try to make up for the lack of strength by the presence of violence, and so forth. But his lack of really critical power of discriminating good and bad, and the essentially Teutonic doggedness with which, having got the idea of degeneracy from his "honoured master," Signor Lombroso, he hunts it through bush and through briar, have made too much of his book a silly and tedious exaggeration, not at all ill exemplifying the very weaknesses he discusses.

Indeed, we fear that by his own showing Herr Nordau is an undoubted "degenerate." In one of his latest pages he speaks of "critics who have tried to intimidate him into speechlessness." Now the mania for suspecting critical conspiracies is as well known, as well marked, as megalomania, graphomania, erotomania, and all the rest of them. There is no help for it, we fear. *Et in degeneratione Dominus Nordau!*

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

AT THE GRAVE OF ROSSETTI.

NO lover of the high things of poetry who visits the Isle of Thanet will desire to cross its boundary on his homeward way until he has made pilgrimage to Birchington-on-Sea, where Dante Gabriel Rossetti spent his last weeks of life, and where his body lies in the pretty little rural churchyard. Birchington lies on the Thanet coast, only a few miles Londonward of those popular resorts, Ramsgate and Margate; but the *bourgeoisie* and the *proletariat* to whom they are dear, have never looked into the fathomless eyes of 'the Blessed Damozel,' or spelt out the starry symbols of 'the House of Life'; and, apart from its single association, Birchington is curiously devoid of obvious attractions. It is like the face of a plain maiden, glorified only by one transfiguring expression which few are privileged to see: and those who see it not may be forgiven if they pass regardlessly by. True, there is the delicate charm of silence, accentuated at the hour of wind-swept flood by the sea's "listless chime," which to the dead poet seemed, "Time's self . . . made audible"; but even silence needs for its full beatitude some reinforcement of beauty; and of beauty, other than that of the sunlighted waves—which is a grace of vesture rather than of body—Birchington has no dower.

Seaward of the railway line, which takes the place on its way from London to Ramsgate, are flat, grassy spaces, with an obviously painful expression of waiting for the speculative builder, who is, I doubt not, on his way to them. Intersecting each other at obtrusively accurate right angles are roads of garish newness, and scattered up and down them are still newer villas, dear to those who feel a certain blissful dignity in mere remoteness from the herd. The clustered bungalows, which give Birchington a certain *cachet* of aristocracy—pretty wooden structures in which Indian fashions are adapted to English requirements—stand much nearer to the sea than the newer brick houses; but the long, rambling white dwelling, which Mr. Seddon placed at the disposal of the dying poet, is some little distance inland, though it is as yet the last house in Beach Avenue, which is the main thoroughfare—howbeit few are those who fare thereon—between the railway station and the solitary shore. Prior to 1882 it was simply known as "The Bungalow"; now the name "Rossetti," inscribed on the gate-posts, tells the pilgrim that here the great painter-poet and poet-painter was overtaken by "the desultory feet of death."

To reach the churchyard the visitor has to retrace his steps from the bungalow; to recross the railway bridge; and to take the road which leads to the little village about a quarter of a mile further inland. Heretofore he has noted nothing but a mere lack of beauty: now he is confronted by positive ugliness. The few cottages are decayed and squalid rather than picturesque; the more recent buildings recall the cheap, unfinished London suburb. One can hardly give the name of fields to the untidy, badly-fenced grassy patches; and the little bits of market-garden are defaced by bare, unsightly wooden sheds. The old and the new are in conflict, and each has damaged the other without securing any advantage to itself. When, however, one reaches the village proper one finds that the old is, in the main, master of the field, though even the antiquity of the village is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of modernity. It is only on entering the churchyard that one seems really able to break loose from to-day, and to join the company of the shadowy years. Here the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep; and if their shades visit the place where their bodies repose, they meet no rough, insolent reminder of the fact that "the old order changes, giving place to new." The pretty old church itself, built of flint boulders bedded in cement—a conglomerate of material which seems to have been long in favour hereabouts—testifies to the period when the austere severity of early English was beginning to blossom in beauty of tracery, though a Saxon font within the building hints at a still more venerable antiquity.

Close to the entrance door on the south side of the church is the grave which is the goal of our pilgrimage. At the foot of its grassy mound is a spreading bush which somewhat unmannerly encroaches upon sacred soil, and against the eviction of which no protest would be raised. At the head stands a runic cross, bearing on its back and front two inscriptions. That on the back informs the wayfarer that

"This cruciform monument, bespoken by Dante Rossetti's mother, was designed by his lifelong friend, Ford Madox Brown, executed by J. and H. Paterson, and erected by his brother William and his sister Christina Rossetti."

The inscription in front, which is, of course, the epitaph proper, runs thus :—

"Here sleeps Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti, honoured under the name of Dante Gabriel Rossetti among painters as a painter, and among poets as a poet. Born in London, of parentage mainly Italian, 12th of May, 1828; died at Birchington, 9th of April, 1882."

The word "mainly" on a monumental inscription seems almost a superfluous refinement of accuracy, as among Rossetti's immediate progenitors only his maternal grandmother was of wholly non-Italian descent; but it may have been thought well, and was certainly not unfitting, to commemorate, if only by an allusive hint, the strain of English blood in one who, though his name bespeaks the countryman of Dante and Petrarch, will always be numbered among the great poets of England.

The arms of the cross—which enclose in each of their four angles a symbolical pomegranate, the fruit of sanguine seed—are devoted to a design suggested by Rossetti's mystical ballad, "Eden Bower." Lilith, half-snake, half-woman, who according to Talmudic legend was the first wife of Adam, grips with her lower serpentine coils the trunk of one of the forbidden trees of Eden; her bosom rests upon the dividing fork; the head rises above it in delicate poise, and the lithe arms stretch along the branches to grasp the rounded fruit. Underneath is a marriage, and as the figure of the bridegroom is unmistakably that of Dante we may infer that the female figure is Beatrice, who was indeed the immortal bride of his spirit. As, however, the design is a frank departure from the actual history of a love "that never knew his earthly close," it may be assumed that the designer's conception has a symbolical and personal reference to the real life of Rossetti, who not only translated the *Vita Nuova*, but in 'Dante at Verona,' entered into imaginative realisation of the prideful sorrow of the great Florentine. This assumption is supported by two significant details. Dante carries in his hand a book which recalls the volume that Rossetti buried in the coffin of his dead wife; and the priest who officiates with bandaged eyes seems to play the part of a blind presiding destiny. Below this suggestive piece of symbolism is a winged Assyrian bull, which at once recalls the sombre imaginative reverie that finds expression in 'The Burden of Nineveh;' and below this again is a design so simple that he who runs may read. An old monk-painter sits at his easel, and at the touch of death his brush falls from his right hand. The bent thumb of his left hand still holds the palette, and as the cowl slips down the head is seen to be encircled by an aureole. Lastly, at the very base of the cross, and immediately above the epitaph, is what appears to be the ground-plan of a maze or labyrinth—fit image of the mystery of life - the involved curves shaping themselves at one spot into a monogram formed of the initials D.G.R. To the careless tourist the monumental stone may seem too elaborately inscribed with half-veiled significance; but to such a one the designer did not appeal, and those who have lovingly read the riddle of Rossetti will not fail to read the riddle of his friend, who has since joined him in that Beyond which to us on the hidden side is the greatest riddle of all.

Within the church, at the western end of the south wall, is the memorial window placed there "to the glory of God, and in memory of Dante Gabriel Rossetti," by the poet's venerable mother. The window, being in a low aisle, is not large, but there are two lights filled by separate designs. That on the right, which is the work of one of the dearest of Rossetti's artist friends, represents Christ's gift of sight to the blind man. At the door of the synagogue, behind the principal figures, stand two gloomy Pharisees; up a long path to the distant Sea of Galilee a flock of sheep follows the shepherd, and white doves circle in the upper air. The left light is occupied by Rossetti's own design, originally embodied in a drawing, "The Passover in the Holy Family," and in the volume of 'Poems' (1870) he himself describes the theme :—

"The scene is the house-porch, where Christ holds a bowl of blood from which Zacharias is sprinkling the posts and lintel Joseph has brought the lamb, and Elizabeth lights the pyre. The shoes which John fastens, and the bitter herbs which Mary is gathering form part of the ritual."

In the volume these sentences stand as a footnote to one of the many sonnets which Rossetti wrote to accompany and interpret his own pictures and drawings; and in the poem is crystalised the spiritual significance which the drawing holds in solution.

"Here meet together the prefiguring day
And day prefigured. 'Eating, there shall stand
Feet shod, loins girt, thy road staff in thine hand,
With blood-stained door and lintel,'—did God say
By Moses' mouth in ages passed away.
And now, where this poor household doth comprise
At Paschal feast two kindred families,—
Lo! the slain lamb confronts the Lamb to slay.

The pyre is piled. What agony's crown attained,
What shadow of death the Boy's fair brow subdues
Who holds the blood with which the porch is stained
By Zachary the priest? John binds the shoes
He deemed himself not worthy to unloose;
And Mary culls the bitter herbs ordained."

The legends accompanying the designs, "The light shineth in darkness," and "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us," interpret the unity of the double composition—the presentation of Christ as illuminator and redeemer.

As my friends and I left the little churchyard behind us, and retraced our steps in the clear light of a July evening, even the obtrusive uncomeliness of the flat, dusty lane had lost its power to irritate and depress. We were in high companionship, for Rossetti walked with us by the way, murmuring his own words of mingled doubt and affirmation :—

"The Past is over and fled;
Named new, we name it the old;
Thereof some tale hath been told,
But no word comes from the dead;
Whether at all they be,
Or whether as bond or free
Or whether they too were we,
Or by what spell they have sped.
Still we say as we go,—
'Strange to think by the way
Whatever there is to know
That shall we know one day.'"

J. A. N.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

XII.—Her Guilt or Innocence.

MARY'S behaviour before and after Darnley's murder is, in the opinion of many, quite sufficient to establish her guilt. It is hard to get over the outstanding incontrovertible facts, that she was on bad terms with him until the suspicious reconciliation, which was so quickly followed by his tragic death; that the favour which she had been showing to Bothwell continued to increase, although he was commonly and justly regarded as the chief murderer*; and that, in spite of the remonstrances of her outspoken friends, she married him only three months and five days after the murder. Around these central facts are grouped multitudes of details, almost every one of which has been the subject of keen controversy. To one set of writers the general drift of these details only shows more clearly Mary's infatuated love for Bothwell and her determination to have him in spite of all obstacles. To another set, they furnish convincing proof that she was the unfortunate, if not helpless, victim of a huge conspiracy to hurl her from her throne.

Mr. Skelton is certainly not too hard on Mary in holding that she was not entirely unaware of the measures of the nobles to secure Darnley's removal; and "that, if she did not expressly sanction the enterprise, she failed, firmly and promptly, to forbid its execution." According to the 'Detection' and the 'Book of Articles,'† Mary's part of the play was far from being passive; she was not only passionately enamoured of Bothwell, but bent on being rid of Darnley, and treacherously lured him to his doom. The evidence of the witnesses, the confessions of the culprits, and the casket-documents have a vital bearing on these charges, but here they can only be dealt with very inadequately.

Nelson, Darnley's servant, deponed that Mary slept two nights in the room under the King's at Kirk-of-Field; that she promised to remain on the night of the murder, but suddenly took purpose to depart; that her servants had the key of her room; and that she caused Darnley's bed to be exchanged for another, lest it should be spoiled by his bath. Hay confessed that the powder was placed in her room while she was upstairs with Darnley; Hepburn, that it was put directly under Darnley's bed; and both said that they were locked in beside the powder. Paris confessed that purposely he did not place Mary's bed where Bothwell bade him, and she ordered him to alter it. Perceiving that she knew what was intended, he said that Bothwell wished the key of the room that he might put powder there to blow up the King. Mary's apologists insist that no reliance can be placed on extorted confessions; and hold, moreover, that the confessions were tampered with. Joseph Robertson points out that the inventory of the furniture lost at the King's murder—an inventory authenticated by Mary's signature—is silent as to one bed having been exchanged for another.

In his acute 'Examination of the Letters,' Goodall says, "the whole stress, in a manner, of the cause depends fundamentally upon" "Morton's declaration of the manner how he came by them"; but when Goodall wrote, in 1754, the declaration could not be found. It was only in 1876 that it was brought to light by the Historical Manuscripts Commission; and in 1889 that it was printed in full by Mr. T. F. Henderson. The declaration is very circumstantial, has at least an air of truthfulness, and obviates several of the extrinsic objections raised against the letters. On the 20th of June, 1567, Dalgleish, one of Bothwell's servants, who had been caught on the previous day, was to be examined by torture, but fearing the pain, offered to reveal what he had, and, on being taken to the Potterrow, drew the silver casket from under the seat of a bed. It was brought to Morton at night, and next day it was broken open in presence of Atholl, Mar, Glencairn, Morton, Home, Semple, Sanquhar, the Master of Grahame, Lethington, Tullibardine, and Archibald Douglas. The letters it contained were "sichtit," or examined, and again delivered into the custody of Morton, who declared that he had since kept them without alteration, change, addition, or diminution. As Mr. Henderson points out, it is important to notice the names and number of those by whom the documents were alleged to have been "sichtit" only six days after Carberry. Morton was hardly the man to name any one who could have denied his statement.*

As Murray returned from France in the end of July, 1567, De Silva received from him an account of the most important of the casket-letters—the long letter so damaging to Mary. A few days afterwards De Silva reported the interview to Philip, and from that report Hosack argues that Murray's description does not apply to the famous letter, but to "the first rough draft of the forgery" which must have been "withdrawn and another substituted in its place." Murray, however, did not say that he had seen the letter—he had only heard about it from a man who had read it. The memories of three persons therefore were involved, and it is not surprising that De Silva's summary is inaccurate. Curiously enough, while Hosack tries to get rid of Murray's early testimony to that letter on the ground that the coincidence is not perfect, he objects to Crawford's corroboration of the same letter because it is too exact—depending as it also does on the memories of three persons.

Hosack's objections to the early testimony in favour of the letters are more than met by an earlier letter of De Silva's—written a fortnight at least before his interview with Murray—in which he informed Philip that the French Ambassador in London had copies of Mary's letters proving that "she had been concerned in the murder of her husband." In all likelihood he had received these copies from Du Croc, who had just passed through London on his way to France. And as Du Croc left Edinburgh on the 29th of June, he must have received his copies within eight days of the time, when, according to Morton's declaration, the originals were "sichtit." Would the lords have dared to tamper with the letters after giving copies of them to Du Croc? Throckmorton, too, soon knew about them, for on the 25th of July he states that if Mary could not be induced by fair means to resign her crown, it was intended to charge her with "the murder of her husband, whereof (they say) they have as apparent proof against her as may be, as well by the testimony of her own hand-writing, which they have recovered, as also by sufficient witnesses."

After several days' deliberation, the leaders of the party, who had opposed and imprisoned the Queen, drew up an Article on the 4th of December, that Parliament might adopt it and so safeguard them; and on the 20th of December the declaratory part of the Article was embodied in an Act of Parliament. Mary's private letters to Bothwell are referred to in both, although not in the same terms. In the Article they are said to be "writtin and subscrivit with her awen hand": whereas in the Act they are said to be "writtin halelie [*i.e.*, wholly] with hir awin hand." Much superfluous ingenuity has been expended in magnifying the importance of this variation, and also in explaining it. A careful comparison of the printed Article with the Act of Parliament will probably convince anyone accustomed to examine old documents that the difference is due to a transcriber's blunder. As printed by Haynes and Goodall, there are several palpable mistakes in the Article, which can only be so explained; and of these mistakes the true readings are to be found in the Act of Parliament. The Article is not in the 'Register of the Privy Council,' because it is not an "Act of Secret Counsel," although it is so headed by Haynes and Goodall. It is followed by eight-and-twenty signatures, including those of Grange and Lethington. These men declare that by "hir previe lettres" to Bothwell, and

* Even Father Stevenson says: "The evidence against him was so abundant and so conclusive that his guilt was unquestionable from the night of the murder."

† Hosack—unlike Hill Burton—has no doubt that the document he prints from the 'Hopetoun Manuscript' is a copy of the 'Book of Articles.'

* As printed by Mr. Henderson, the declaration is said to have been given to Cecil on the 8th of December, and presented to the Commissioners on the 29th of December, 1568, and both of these days are erroneously given as Thursday. In reality the written declaration was produced and sworn to on Thursday, the 9th of December, an oral statement to the same effect having been made and sworn to on the 7th. An excellent contemporary illustration of the use of the word "sichtit" will be found at the end of the Instructions and Articles subscribed by Mary's lords on the 12th of September, 1568.

by her "ungodlie and dishonorable" marriage with him, it is most certain that she was art and part, and of the actual device and deed of the murder of her husband. These charges are reiterated in the Act of Parliament; and among the members of that Parliament were Huntly, Argyll, Atholl, and Herries. Despite Mr. Skelton's assertion to the contrary, the letters were produced in Parliament, and no one protested against their genuineness or the interpretation put upon them. Not until the 12th of next September is there any hint on the part of Mary's supporters that the letters were spurious. Fearing their production before the English Commissioners at York, they proposed this halting three-fold defence: (1) The writing produced in Parliament contained nothing by which she could be convicted "albeit it were hir awin hand-writ, as it is not;" (2) that it was devised by the usurpers themselves "in sum principal and substantious clausis;" and (3) that such alleged privy writings "can mak na probatioun in criminal causis." In Mary's own Instructions of 29th September her defence is thus planned: (1) that her Commissioners should desire the originals to be produced, and that she should be allowed to inspect them; (2) to affirm in her name that she had never written anything concerning that matter to any creature; (3) that if there are such writings, they are false and feigned, forged and invented; and (4) that there are divers in Scotland, both men and women, who could counterfeit her handwriting, and principally such as are with her opponents.

On the 10th of October, 1568, the casket-documents were privately shown to Elizabeth's Commissioners at York; and those who produced them offered to swear to their genuineness. Lethington was one of those who so produced them, yet Mr. Skelton, in his florid and disingenuous biography, does not mention this; but asserts that "Though Maitland went to York, it may be said quite truly that he, who was commonly the spokesman of his countrymen, took no part in the proceedings"! Can this be ignorance?

The production, by Murray and his colleagues at Westminster, on the 26th of November, of their famous—or, as Keith calls it, infamous—paper, known as the "Eik," seems to have frightened Mary and her Commissioners, knowing that if they controverted its statements, the casket-documents would be shown. On the 4th of December her Commissioners informed the English Privy Council that the conference must cease, unless their mistress was allowed personally to defend herself before Elizabeth, her nobles, and the foreign ambassadors; or an agreement made between Mary and her subjects, such as would secure her honour, the good of her country, and the safety of Murray and his party. To Mary's personal appearance before her Elizabeth would not consent, but warned her Commissioners that by now pressing for a compromise they would damage their Queen's reputation. Nevertheless they protested, on the 6th of December, that the conference should be dissolved; and on that very day Mary wrote to the Earl of Cassilis telling him that her Commissioners had broken off the negotiations "for dyvers resonabill caussis"; and praying him to raise his friends and followers to stop her rebels, if possible, in their home-going.

On the 7th and 8th of December the casket-letters were shown to the English Commissioners, and collated with the copies; and on the 9th English translations of them were read. On the 10th Murray, Morton, Lindsay, the Bishop of Orkney, and the Commendator of Dunfermline subscribed a declaration, vouching the authenticity of the originals. On the 14th, before the English Privy Council and six extra earls, the original letters were again produced and read, the penmanship being compared with some of Mary's letters to Elizabeth; and on the 15th the other documentary proofs of guilt were exhibited. A month later (13th January, 1568-9) Lesley, Herries, and Kilwinning assured the English Privy Council that "quhatsumever thing" had been produced by Mary's rebels, since the discharge of the conference on the 6th of December, "was bot inventit sclanderis, and private writings, quhilkis could not prejudge hir in ony wise." Hill Burton points out that "it seems clear that the term 'invented' applies to the slanders, not the writings"; but it is hardly fair perhaps to interpret their zealous words so rigidly.

Goodall believed that all the letters were forgeries, and held it as certain that they were originally written in Scotch, from which they were translated into Latin and thence into French. Hosack, on the other hand, thought there were strong reasons for believing three of them to be genuine; but that they were addressed to Darnley, not to Bothwell. Two of these he printed from the French text in the Record Office; and a French version of the other has since been found at Hatfield, differing from the corresponding letter in the French edition of the 'Detection.' There has also been found at Hatfield a different French version of one of the very inculpating letters concerning the capture. But tempting as is the discussion of the letters themselves, it cannot be entered on here.

The Jesuit priests, in their report to Clement the Eighth, say that Bothwell, though "not a Catholic, . . . permitted himself to be led as the Queen pleased." Morette, who, according to Hosack, was "an intelligent and impartial observer," was in Scotland at the time of the Darnley murder, and had apparently little doubt that Mary was an accessory. De Silva, who was shrewd, well-informed in Scotch affairs, and, as became the Ambassador of Spain, suspicious of information derived from heretics, seems to have had less doubt than Morette. Mary's chief champion, the Bishop of Ross, in his 'Defence of Queene Marie's Honour,' argues that, even though she had been guilty, her subjects had no right to lay hands upon her. "King David," he says, "was both an adulterer and also a murtherer. I finde that God was highly displeased with him therfore; yet find I not that he was therefore by his subjects deposed." But the Bishop of Galloway—if his famous sermon in her behalf is correctly reported—compared the Queen of Scots to the Psalmist King in no hypothetical way. And Lesley himself, when in danger, avowed his belief that she had poisoned her first husband, the King of France; that she consented to the murder of Darnley; that she matched with the murderer, and brought him to the field to be murdered; and pretended marriage with Norfolk, with whom she would not long have kept faith. Her willingness to pension Bothwellhaugh shows that she did not disapprove of assassination; although to Murray's widow she professed to be sorry for the Regent's death.

Of all Mary's injudicious apologists, Mr. Skelton has probably done most to damage her reputation. He has written an elaborate work to show that Lethington was not only "keen, supple, pliant, dexterous, adroit," but "strong, resolute, constant, fearless; . . . that he adhered to his convictions with singular tenacity, and that the basis of his character was an eminent common-sense." He has laboured to prove that Maitland was naturally unselfish, always magnanimous, a patriot to the core, and devoted to Mary, with whom he had enjoyed the closest intimacy. Yet it was this Maitland who told Du Croc, after Carberry, how infatuated Mary still was in her love to Bothwell; and who told Throckmorton that if the confederates put the imprisoned Queen to death all the lords who held out would join with them in two days. If any man could have known the casket documents to be forgeries it was Maitland, yet he signed the Article of 4th December, alleging them as proofs of her guilt; and he sat in the Parliament which endorsed the opinion. He was one of those who laid the incriminating documents privately before Norfolk, Sussex, and Sadleyr, alleging them to be genuine. Among these was the marriage-contract written, as they said, by Huntly, and signed by Mary and Bothwell before the divorce, before the capture, before the mock trial. Then and there were also produced two of the letters to prove her consent to the capture; and the most damaging of all, the long Glasgow letter. No Scotchman knew Mary better than Lethington did; yet he thus professed to believe—and tried to persuade others to believe—that she was guilty of such detestable crimes. If, as Mr. Skelton holds, this man was one of her truest friends, what could she expect from her enemies! Of these doings of Maitland, however, not the slightest hint is given in Mr. Skelton's two handsome volumes; but instead there is the wild assertion: "He had been behind the scenes; he had examined the fragments of manuscript which the industrious animosity of Morton's hirelings had pieced together; and his belief in Mary's innocence had not been shaken." If this is true, Maitland must have been indeed heartless and unscrupulous.

Poor Mary—after nearly a year's imprisonment in Loch

Leven—after a fortnight's liberty, in which her hurriedly-raised forces were defeated—had been glad to take refuge in England, only, however, to find it a lifelong prison, varied by fresh troubles and new plots until she was brought to the scaffold. Not until her callous son had for nine years occupied the throne she had coveted were her bones laid in Westminster, where miracles were wrought—so one of her co-religionists records—at her stately tomb. Not until chivalry dies out in the earth shall the most fascinating and the most unfortunate of the Queens of the Scots lack a champion, whether, like the Hon. Colin Lindsay, he may regard her as a veritable saint, or, like Mr. Skelton, as only a charming sinner. D. HAY FLEMING.

NEW BOOKS.

GREEK STUDIES.*

The most important and permanently interesting essays in this book are those which express Mr. Pater's ideas about the nature and origin of Greek mythology and its relation to Greek religion. In "The Myth of Demeter and Persephone" he has stated his views most clearly; and it might have been, perhaps, a more lucid arrangement if the editor had placed that "study" first in the volume; moreover, the arrangement would then have been the chronological order of publication. In many respects, however, the "study of Dionysos" is the most striking part of the book, and this fact, presumably, weighed with the editor when he placed Dionysos before Demeter. According to Mr. Pater, each characteristic Greek legend passed through three stages of development—the instinctive, the poetical, and the ethical. In the first stage the Greek mind, contemplating the nature that surrounded it, "divined a number of living agencies, corresponding to those ascertained forces, of which our colder modern science tells the number and the names." In the second stage, the plastic, creative imagination gave definiteness and fixed character to those living agencies, and formed them into a group of human or divine persons, who were connected with one another by ties of relationship and lived a common life, "the incidents and emotions of which soon wove themselves into a pathetic story." Then, in the third stage, the reflective and ordering imagination, pondering on this tale and its persons and incidents, found in it the expression of moral and religious ideas about the nature of human life and the relation between man and God.

It is not easy to understand why Mr. Pater gives to the first instinctive stage the alternative epithet "mystical." That seems to imply an inadequate and even erroneous conception of mysticism and of the Greek Mysteries. It is the third stage that is the mystic stage, for mysticism co-ordinates and gives an intelligible religious explanation of the poetical forms of primitive thought; and the Mysteries saw in Persephone "the goddess of death, yet with a promise of life to come," and set that lesson on the Eleusinian stage in the most impressive surroundings before the eyes of the initiated.

On p. 100 are some exquisitely expressed sentences on the growth of the religious myth, "which grew up gradually, and at many distant places, in many minds independent of each other, but dealing in a common temper with certain elements and aspects of the natural world, as one here and another there seemed to catch in that incident or detail which flashed more incisively than others on the inward eye, some influence, or feature, or characteristic of the great mother—the goddess of the fertility of the earth in its wildness."

But in almost every page of the essay on Demeter and Persephone occurs something that invites quotation and repays attention, something that expresses in delicate and carefully weighed terms a luminous and impressive—though perhaps one-sided—view, as Mr. Pater traces the development of the idea of the "great mother" in the mind of her worshippers. She is the complete embodiment of their science and of their religion; in her their civilisation is crystallised in a definite presentation. In an earlier stage she is the expression of their theory and their practice in agriculture, when agriculture was a young art. But, as Mr. Pater says in his "Study of Dionysos," p. 2, "the thought of" Demeter and her "circle was a complete religion, a sacred representation or interpretation of the whole human experience, modified by the special limitations" and circumstances of her worshippers. Demeter, therefore, is the founder of civilised order, the guardian of married life; and society is held together by the bonds of her religion.

The picture presented to us by Mr. Pater of the myths of Dionysos and of Demeter is not, in the historical point of view, complete. It has to be supplemented from other methods of study; and especially we must call in Mr. Lang and Mr. Fraser to help us to understand the primitive and barbaric elements that cling to and clog the religious thought of the Greeks. It was not possible for that thought to separate itself wholly from the actual ritual and ceremonial of religion, with its survival of early acts and things, quaint or interesting or grotesque or disgusting as they were by turns. But within their proper limitations Mr. Pater's studies of religious myth are suggestive and charming throughout; and stand in striking contrast with the deadness and barrenness of that method which finds its most prominent exponent at the present day in Dr. Roscher, the method which sees in each divine being the envisagement of some single fact or phenomenon of nature—which looks on Hermes, for example, as "the wind-god," and deduces all the religion and mythology of Hermes from that initial idea.

The studies in Greek Art do not seem to the present reviewer to reach such a high standard as those on religion. In them too much is evolved from the inner consciousness, and too little comes from direct interpretation of the actual works of art. There is also a distinct absence of knowledge; Mr. Pater is too much dependent on Overbeck, the least sympathetic and least suggestive of German writers on Greek art. It was a doubtful service to the author's memory to reprint essays resting upon a stage of knowledge that was perhaps adequate at the time, but is certainly inadequate now. Of course, it need hardly be said that there are many striking paragraphs and fine thoughts in these, as well as in the religious essays. W. M. RAMSAY.

* 'Greek Studies.' By Walter Pater, late Fellow of Brasenose College. Edited by C. L. Shadwell. (Macmillan and Co.) 1895.

THE SIFTING OF SOCIALISM.*

What is to be understood by Socialism? What are its promises? and how far is it capable of fulfilling them? Such are the questions to which Professor Flint would furnish a reply in these five hundred pages, recast and enlarged from a set of essays contributed in 1891 to *Good Words*. The Professor is a Scotsman, a political economist of the old orthodox school, and a Christian according to the tradition of his native land. He has read the leading authorities that deal with this subject in most modern languages; the quotations which he makes from them are perhaps more valuable than his own comments; and by reading diligently up and down we may arrive at a fairly complete and accurate view of the movements in the nineteenth century which deserve to be called Socialism. Learned, courteous, well-intentioned, the author certainly always is; but his work, as a whole, disappoints and even perplexes. It has no central view, nothing by way of counter-proposal; it can hardly be said to possess insight or eloquence in a marked degree; it does not state the economic problems which are crying aloud for solution; it fails in the historic method where history was indispensable, and takes for granted the present system of monopolies, mortgages, rents, speculation, and proletarian wage-earning as though it were the natural, unforced issue of economic laws working out social justice. The chief recommendations towards lessening pauperism, and the misery which is ever breaking down into pauperism, are thrift and self-denial, trades unions, and technical education for the unskilled; nor is legislation wholly discouraged, though Mr. Herbert Spencer's dislike and dread of State interference receive hearty praise and approval.

* 'Socialism.' By Robert Flint, Professor in the University of Edinburgh. (London: Isbister and Co.) 1894.

As a magazine of arguments for the anti-Socialist, these pages will be resorted to by the many. They have nothing original, little that is pointed, except when long-headed men like Dr. Schäffle take up their parable against a creed which would either abolish or greatly reduce inheritance, forbid the employment of private capital, do away to a large extent with foreign trade, and by superseding the present lottery-system (in which, if the blanks are most numerous, the prizes are certainly splendid), would substitute a general mediocrity for wealth at one end of the scale and destitution at the other. Professor Flint accepts, though without seeming to welcome it, the view that society is in a state of progress, or evolution, towards a condition in which our economics of to-day will be largely modified. He is, however, not in the least a prophet, nor disposed to sketch the general lines upon which we are moving. In the twentieth century, as he fears, the principles of Socialism may be prevalent, and its disciples have seized the reins of power in the most advanced European countries. To Democracy the Professor speaks as a candid friend. He approves of it as the ideal form of government, yet is uneasy, apprehensive, and alarmed lest it should turn out to be an economic revolution, confiscating the goods of the rich, and driving capital into exile. The accents here are those of the nervous middle-class, uttering its terrors and its warning by the mouth of a minister of religion.

Consistent Socialism was admirably defined by the late Charles Bradlaugh, as denying "individual private property," and affirming that "organised society as the State should own all wealth, direct all labour, and compel the equal distribution of all produce." That is the Communist Utopia, not likely to be established while human nature remains as we know it. Even the simpler and less ambitious scheme, which would respect private property, while doing away with private capital, lies far beyond the range of possibilities during our time. But whether it is not just, feasible, and necessary to assert the rights of the community as a whole over its natural resources; to rescue from mere monopolists the wealth which has been allowed to flow without compensation or any proper equivalent into their pockets; and so to legislate that the landless and propertyless wage-earner may be secured a decent human living for the labour which he gives—these are practical questions, to which, if Professor Flint affords any sort of reply, it is in the negative. He identifies capital with the capitalist, labour, as a rule, with the proletarian; asserts the need of both; and there, with a sermon on thrift to the working-man, leaves the matter. It is obvious that such a method of declining to answer the sphinx's riddle, however well-adapted for comfortable lecture-rooms and edifying lessons on Sunday, may irritate where it does not convince, strike out sparks in the man who is acquainted with misery in our smoky Babylons and woe-begone villages, seem to justify hard words against the alliance of the Church and mammon, or even lend to Socialist preaching a dangerously Christian aspect.

Against these perils, so far as we can tell, the Professor is not much on his guard. If we admit the force of certain economic arguments that bring out the difficulties of Socialism, when we come to his Christian doctrine, we are often at a loss, our minds clouded by the contradictions which jostle one another almost in the same paragraph, and unable to decide whether he is blessing altogether or the reverse, that system, the details of which he condemns, while he applauds the principles of human brotherhood with which it is inspired. His candour at times is affecting; but his logic, his clearness, we regret to say, are not equal to his candour. The reconciliation of orthodox political economy with the New Testament—of "Beati possidentes" with "Beati pauperes" would tax even Scottish metaphysics. In the effort our Christian economist bids a long farewell to "Beati pauperes," and, to the amazement of reflecting persons, does not stick at abolishing a famous text which speaks of the camel and the needle's eye. He judges that in these latter days the rich as a class are Christians, the poor not Christians, but unbelievers inclining to Socialism, and hostile or indifferent to the churches. Thus, orthodoxy in religion has failed to make the multitudes believing; and orthodoxy in economics is face to face with revolution. Perhaps these two orthodoxies are not one and the same. What if the delusion that they are should be at the root of the Social Problem? Can we imagine St. Paul or his Master a modern rent-receiver, railway king, absentee landlord, or capitalist accumulating wealth by the methods approved in the money market? Professor Flint does not handle these inquiries; but they make no small portion of his treatise look marvellously like an apology for Sir Epicure Mammon at Church on the Sabbath morn. Here is our old Horatian friend, the money-lender Alphius, justified between two settling-days on 'Change—

> Omnem redegit Idibus pecuniam,
> Quærit Kalendis ponere.

William Barry.

THE FAR EAST.*

There is a twofold interest about Mr. Norman's book. It is an account of adventurous wanderings, on and off the beaten track, written in a vivid and vigorous manner, with continual invitations and suggestions to lovers of the strange and the picturesque. But it is this almost against Mr. Norman's will and design. He pulls himself up every now and again, lest mere adventure should appropriate space needed for his more serious purpose. We gather that in his note-books there are many unused pages that would be of interest to the non-political reader; and that there is something that would be valued by anyone courageously interested in human nature, we infer from the following: "I came upon many curious reminiscences of General Gordon up and down the coast of China. He was a man of remarkable virtues and of no less remarkable weaknesses, and the stories of him which survive in the Far East would make very interesting reading. I do not give them, however, because public opinion seems to have determined that this many-sided man shall be known under one aspect only of his life—that of hero."

But the main intention of the book is political. It is, in fact, a book with a mission. Very out-spoken, expressing its opinions in words that cannot be misunderstood, appealing to the Government and to all good patriots, it never takes on a hectoring tone. Its opinions are given as those of a visitor to the Far East, but of a visitor who had peculiar opportunities of obtaining first-hand information, and who did not neglect them, of one who went with a mind well trained to the consideration of political and international questions, and who has read and searched in the most contrary directions for additional light since his return. Those who have examined on the spot the questions he discusses, as well as those who have only studied them from scrappy newspaper information, may dissent from a good many of Mr. Norman's conclusions, but they will both own after reading through his book on the Far East that he has been there, and that he took with him quick wits, quick eyes, and a habit of judging for himself.

The portions that will be read with most eagerness are those on China and Japan, and his counsel to England on its attitude now and in the immediate future; though it should be said there are no really detached chapters, those on Siam and Malaya especially, but all the others, too, containing valuable facts that have helped him to his conclusions. To Foreign Office eyes there may be nothing fresh in his view of the importance to be attached to the Russian settlement at Vladivostok, within a very measurable number of years to be joined to the home capital by the Trans-Siberian Railway. But we feel sure the average Englishman's eyes will be turned in a new direction by Mr. Norman's emphasis of the facts concerning the Russian stakes in the Far East. And this moment, when the fate of China in the war with her neighbour has upset a great many expectations, is a very suitable moment for bidding stay-at-home folks look at the new conditions that have arisen since last they made up their minds about the geography and the politics of Eastern Asia.

Mr. Norman's views about China are those of Professor Douglas—whose interesting book 'Society in China,' we

* 'The Peoples and Politics of the Far East:' Travels and Studies in the British, French, Spanish, and Portuguese Colonies, Siberia, China, Japan, Korea, Siam, and Malaya. By Henry Norman. With Sixty Illustrations and Four Maps. 21s. net. (Unwin.) 'Society in China.' By Robert K. Douglas. Popular Edition. (A. D. Innes.)

are glad to see in a new popular edition—that the Chinese "empire is pre-eminently one of make-believe." Only Mr. Norman states his conviction much more emphatically and with far greater detail. He sums up his indictment thus: "The truth is that, like almost everything else in China, her offensive and defensive power is a sham. The offspring of corruption and bombast is inefficiency." He quotes from another authority, "The whole present system of China is a hollow thing, with a hard, brittle surface; we try in vain to scratch it, but some day a happy blow will shiver it."

He fears over-zeal, over-ambition in Japan, and in his last chapters he has taken account of the reports of Japanese barbarity in the war. But in her gallantry, energy, open-mindedness, and intellectual capacities he has full trust; and he insists that Europe has been too dilatory in their recognition. "In all the country north of the southern frontier of China there are virtually only three great interests; those of Great Britain, Russia, and Japan." He sees no serious difficulty in combining the interests of the three. Let Japan have the virtual suzerainty of Korea, an indemnity from China, the cession of Formosa, the Chinese navy—he suggests blithely. Let Russia have a winter port

A LOVE-SCENE ON THE SIAMESE STAGE. From 'The Far East.'

at the terminus of her railway, and such other concessions as would free her from the fear of China along three thousand miles of weak frontier. And as for Great Britain, well, we should insist on the markets of China being thrown open to the whole world, and that the government in India be given a free hand in Thibet. We also want a convenient northern naval base, and a good deal else. It is a boldly-planned programme; but it is sometimes wise to ask much when you are not sure of getting anything at all except scorn. Mr. Norman thinks right and might are on our side. His indictment of France as a colonising power in the present day is striking and melancholy, while of the costliness of its experiments, at least, he has given evident proof.

This is hardly the place to discuss political questions. But one may be allowed to say that while Mr. Norman's bias for English methods is so strong as to rouse protests and doubts many a time, the facts he has collected, rather than selected, go far to account for the strength of that bias. And he writes with passionate conviction. His is not the tone of the Jingo singing of prestige and empire and contempt for other nations. Britain's is the most business-like concern out there, he thinks; therefore let it predominate. He bases its claims on practical qualities and deeds recently accomplished, not at all on divine right. Mr. Norman's is not a book of sentiment, so we need not look to see in it any pity for the great unwieldy nation going to pieces before the inroads of a civilisation it despises and hates, courting ruin rather than submission to the new ways that its more adaptable neighbour has made with such success. And it is perhaps not in his book we should look for any discussion of the question of the education of the members of the Eastern ruling classes, which the more energetic countries, or English influences in them, seem to have decided should be mainly English, a decision which must have many strange, and not all advantageous consequences. But these are minor matters crowded out by the large questions of immediate importance considered in Mr. Norman's brilliant book—a book which will stimulate to thought, inquiry, travel, and much revision of opinion. A. M.

THE TWO FIRST CENTURIES OF FLORENTINE HISTORY.*

This is not a well-planned book. We gather its genesis from the Preface to the Italian edition. In 1866 the Professor lectured on the early Constitutional History of Florence, and as professors are wont to do, printed most of the lectures in magazines, with the intention of collecting them into a volume in the fulness of time. However, it was found that they needed too much furbishing up. Meanwhile they were becoming obsolete, and in 1888 the lecturer gave another course. Finally, in 1890, he recognised, as he tells us, that his previous work was out of date owing to new discoveries, and so composed a perfectly new course, "which likewise saw the light in the *Nuova Antologia*." So far all was well. Now comes the "collecting" process. To make a big book of it he has shovelled in the obsolete old work with the new. We are asked to excuse the incoherence of the book on the ground that its parts were "produced at distant intervals during a quarter of a century," during which the subject has been growing under other hands, and that in spite of "pruning, revising, and arranging" the lectures, "they are still old essays more or less disjointed, and containing many unavoidable repetitions. Greater organic unity could only have been attained by re-writing the whole and composing a new book, whereas my intention was merely to republish," etc., etc. Such excuses we cannot admit. If the Professor was too busy, or too lazy, to write a new book, he should have left his old material to be used up a third time by some one else, if any one thought it worth using. However, it is something to find a bookmaker so candid in his confessions. The English edition is very handsomely brought out in large print. It is illustrated by twenty reproductions of photographs, oddly selected. None are, I think, alluded to in the text. There is one *bas relief* indeed which does bear on an event mentioned. Then there are three stock Florentine buildings. The rest are views of excavations, etc., totally irrelevant to this book, which deals with the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and were probably intended for some work on Roman and Etruscan antiquities. A second title of dubious import has also been added, "The Republic and Parties at the Time of Dante." This is indeed bookmaking with a vengeance.

* 'The Two First Centuries of Florentine History.' By Professor Pasquale Villari. (Fisher Unwin.) Price 16s.

On the other hand the book is quite worth reading by those who are interested in the subject. It is not quite what it pretends to be, for the Constitutional history is not always the main thread, but what there is of it is useful. True, the world since Sismondi's day is getting tired of the elaborate electoral machinery of the Italian Republics. The Democracy has progressed beyond the old Whig interest in those experimental constitutions, which were indeed admirable in every way but two—they would not work, and they could not last. However, what does still interest us is, how this communal government came to be, why it succeeded after a fashion in spite of its inevitable failure, and how it affected the moral and material wellbeing of the citizens. On these points Professor Villari says a good deal that is interesting and convincing, especially, it seems to me, in his earlier lectures. There is a goodly show of learning throughout, yet his frequent references to and criticisms of the early authorities will by no means repel, as the lectures are written in a pleasant and popular style. The translation is good English and quite clear, so much so that I am inclined to ascribe to the Author, and not to the Translator the glaring error on page 74, where the word "friars" is applied to the Reformed Benedictines. Friars in 1065! The last chapter, one of the earliest lectures, on the Commercial Guilds, is perhaps the most attractive and instructive. Much as has been scraped together about them in the last twenty years, do we yet know the essential about them? Can we yet quite realise the peculiar position and attitude of the merchant and artisan in Milan and Florence, what he was as an individual, and what incorporated with his fellows? Certain it is that we cannot afford to grumble at the channel through which we receive any new lights on a subject so absorbing. Y. Y.

THE EDINBURGH STEVENSON.*

The edition that was planned and begun to do honour to the best loved of living writers, and that was meant to wait long for its completion, has now become a memorial; and of the long line of new volumes which were to join themselves one by one to his already known work, it will contain but two or three. The revision of the text, the arrangement of the volumes, were among the last of Stevenson's labours, for it was he, not Mr. Sidney Colvin, the editor, who decided what should be excluded, included, and varied. This fact alone gives interest to the Edinburgh edition.

Messrs. Constable, acting for Stevenson's various publishers, have now sent out five volumes. Their form has won general approval, with good reason. The type is that of the house of Constable at its best; the simple, plain red binding is pleasing and durable, and if the size be just beyond what is desirable and comfortable in friendly books like Stevenson's, at least it admits of a fair, open, sightly page. No classic, indeed, has been better treated by English printers. There may be two opinions about the illustrations. Stevenson would be eminently illustratable, and he has never been done justice to in this respect, for Mr. Hole's pictures appearing in popular editions have been always poorly reproduced. We do not know whether any of the 'Treasure Island' and 'Kidnapped' series will appear here, but if not, room will be left for a picture edition. The author's own friends have declared themselves satisfied with the portrait of Stevenson that forms the frontispiece to the first volume, but we have seen better work from the hand of Mr. Hole. The familiar frontispieces to "An Inland Voyage," "Travels with a Donkey," and "The Silverado Squatters" look all the better for their careful reproduction. In "The New Arabian Nights" there is a clever series of black and white suggestions of scenes and characters, all on one page.

Readers who do not possess the new edition may be interested to know what are the differences of arrangement and text between the old Stevenson and the new. As yet the only really fresh thing appears in 'Travels and Excursions,' Vol. II., "The Amateur Emigrant" being the preface to "Across the Plains." As it is up to the standard of the sequel, and is of peculiar interest from a personal point of view, it is not easy to say why it was excluded before. Stevenson's genial, catholic, yet keenly critical temperament is nowhere better revealed than in the account of his voyage from the Clyde to Sandy Hook as a second-class passenger. He was studying, anatomizing his fellow travellers all the time, weighing them, pumping them, and yet never apart from them, never cold to their interests and wants. Here was the secret of his social and his phychological power. There was a good deal to be critical of in his surroundings, but he got the best out of them, and would gladly have got more. This is one of many descriptions of their efforts after amusement. "Once we sought in vain to dance a quadrille, eight men of us together, to the music of the violin. The performers were all humorous, frisky fellows, who loved to cut capers in private life; but as soon as they were arranged for the dance, they conducted themselves like so many mutes at a funeral. I have never seen decorum pushed so far; and, as this was not expected, the quadrille was soon whistled down, and the dancers departed under a cloud. Eight Frenchmen, even eight Englishmen from another rank of society, would have dared to make some fun for themselves and the spectators, but the working man, when sober, takes an extreme and even melancholy view of personal deportment. A fifth-form schoolboy is not more careful of dignity. He dares not be comical, his fun must escape from him unprepared, and, above all, it must be unaccompanied by any physical demonstration. I like his society under most circumstances, but let me never again join with him in public gambols." There are good stories in "The Amateur Emigrant," besides the nice observation and the sympathetic yet critical reflection of which Stevenson knew the kindly secret. Read at least, with the context, there is not a shadow of patronage in this. "The type of manners was plain, and even heavy; there was little to please the eye, but nothing to shock; and I thought gentleness lay more rarely at the spring of behaviour than in many more ornate and delicate societies. I say delicate, where I cannot say refined; a thing may be fine like ironwork, without being delicate like lace. There was here less delicacy; the skin supported more callously the natural surface of events, the mind received more bravely the crude facts of human existence; but I do not think that there was less effective refinement, less consideration for others, less polite suppression of self."

Of the two volumes of 'Travels and Excursions' already published, the first contains "An Inland Voyage" and "Travels with a Donkey;" the second "The Amateur Emigrant," "Pacific Capitals," and "The Silverado Squatters." The revisions in these are trifling, as they are also in "The New Arabian Nights" ('Tales and Fantasies,' Vol. I.), which surely might have included "The Dynamiters." Of the two volumes of 'Miscellanies,' only the first is substantially altered, the second, "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," being little revised. The first contains "Notes on Edinburgh" and "Memories and Portraits," to the latter being added "The Coast of Fife," "The Education of an Engineer," "Random Memories," the "Chapter on Dreams," "Beggars," and "The Lantern Bearers," all formerly published in "Across the Plains." From the first essay in 'Memories and Portraits' some pages are omitted, those containing the more pointed references to John Bull's ignorance of his Northern neighbour, and the story of the English fellow-traveller who wished to put Stevenson right on Scots law. There is, we think, a more regrettable omission from "Memoirs of an Islet," the description of how the story-artist loves to people the favourite places he treasures in his memory with the puppets of his imagination. A very few additional footnotes are given. But perhaps the most interesting alteration occurs at the end of "A Gossip on Romance." Readers of Stevenson will remember that the last sentences—referring, of course, to Scott—ran thus: "Of the pleasures of his art he tasted fully; but of its trials and vigils and distresses never man knew less, A great romantic—an idle child." A longer thought, a closer knowledge, made Stevenson write: "Of the pleasures of his art he tasted fully; but of its cares and scruples and distresses never man knew less."

* 'The Works of R. L. Stevenson:' 'Travels and Excursions,' Vols. I. and II.; 'Miscellanies,' Vols. I. and II.; 'Tales and Fantasies,' Vol. I. (Printed by T. H. Constable, for Longmans, Green and Co., Cassell and Co., Seeley and Co., Chas. Scribner's Sons; and sold by Chatto and Windus.

LORD DE TABLEY'S POEMS.*

Lord de Tabley is the stateliest of the minor poets of to-day, and all the qualities that live well in stately company are his, naturally, or by a sympathetic adoption. He is a literary poet, if we must make the distinction between those who would have sung had they never heard a line of Virgil or of Shelley, of Spenser or of Keats, and those who have been bred in the best-filled libraries. But once you begin to make such distinctions you have to go on, and "literary poet" is capable of further and further classifications. Echoes of Horace and of Tennyson you will hear in Lord de Tabley; he has learnt his craft from the masters. But he has learnt things outside his library, too; drunk at founts of wisdom which never flow for the mere scholar, the mere craftsman. You will do nothing very extravagant after reading his verse; it is not intoxicating, nor very mysterious. But when human sympathy rises to a certain height and touches certain depths, heights and depths recognisable to all but clods, it only wants the touch of skill to make it poetry of an eternally satisfying character. This sympathy, linked to a sense of beauty in nature and human nature, is Lord de Tabley's in a high degree, and in language not always perfectly spontaneous, but invariably dignified and delicate, he knows how to express it. His passion does not run wild; it is soaring rather than burning. But "An Invocation" is not merely stately and elaborate praise of the beloved. Warmth and intensity are there, too—

"Turn not the splendour of thine eyes aside,
Though night and all her shadows are deceased:
Thy glance is as the morning's to divide
The pillared chambers of the glowing east.

. . . . . .

My life is as a lonely woodland mere,
Whose sullen waters without sun repose;
And thou one ivory lily floating here,
Marble and white, flushed with a tint of rose."

"A Serenade," and "The Second Madrigal," are two charming love-songs, in other metres and other moods, while in "The Haughty Lady," we have one rarely expressed answer to the lover's craving. The lady has found out love to be "a little laughter and a long disdain." . . . "Poor pipe of earthly passion, in whose tone there only lives the discord of a day." She is the only speaker, yet the poem reads like a drama.

But though Lord de Tabley writes of love with grace and warmth, he sounds his deepest note in the fine counsel in "The Wine of Life," that closes the present volume. The poem may be read as casting scorn on all the activities of the present; it may be also read as an inscription over the gate which leads to one sure refuge from the glare of day—the country of the past.

"A broad cup brimmed with mighty red
These silent years to us assign;
From old Falernian vineyards shed,
The Roman sends the Teuton wine.

Old Fauns have breathed against the grapes,
Old-world aromas haunt the bowl;
Still music of forgotten shapes,
Dim pathos of a Pagan soul."

THE VIKING PATH.†

This is, we believe, Mr. Burgess's first story of any length, though he is already known as the author of various short stories illustrative of Shetland life, and of some delightful poems in the Shetland dialect.

A Norseman himself, Mr. Burgess has naturally taken his story from the heroic period of Norse and Shetland history—the period of the expulsion of the Vikings by Harald Harfarger and their settlement in the northern islands. The central subject, however, of the novel is better indicated by the title "Ragnarök," which appears at the head of each page, than by that upon the covers of the book. That subject is the contact between the Faith of Christ and the Faith of Odin—their struggle for supremacy, not on any field of battle, but in the hearts and minds of fierce but noble men.

It is in the portrayal of this spiritual conflict that Mr. Burgess has been most successful. As a mere romance or story, his work is deficient in plot interest. Too many distinct interests are raised, and about none of them is our suspense sufficiently excited or long enough sustained. The fights are vigorously described, and will probably interest readers. For my own part, I care only for fights that have great verisimilitude and matter-of-factness about them—the stockade fighting in 'Treasure Island,' the Round House fight in 'Kidnapped.' Mr. Burgess's fights are a little too heroic—warriors carve their way through bodies of fighting men.

Indeed, we feel sure that Mr. Burgess's own interest is in the spiritual forces he describes, not the material. He has presented the victory of Christian feeling over the faith in war and revenge with very fine moral and psychological insight. We hear nothing at all of "threats of Hell and hopes of Paradise," but the ideal of a God who "loveth all his children," and can harm none, is set beside the ideal of a God "mighty in battle—who kindleth the war rage, who nameth the heroes to fall in the fight"; and the ideal of conquest and revenge is set beside that of self-conquest and forgiveness. The way in which the mind receives a new ideal utterly opposed to its traditional beliefs, the repugnance, the pain with which it recognises the superior truth and beauty, all this Mr. Burgess describes with really great skill. In Thorvald the new spirit has been born before we meet him, but the old blazes up at moments, as when he stands face to face on a lone heath with the slayer of his brother, and again when he bends over him in his sleep, dagger in hand. In Arvak the transition is wrought gradually before our eyes. He is indeed no believer in Odin from the outset—a Viking sceptic—a believer in his own right hand, and in the joy of battle and revenge. It is the conduct of Thorvald that slowly wakens him to the perception of a force which can turn a fierce berserker into a gentle and self-controlled yet courageous hero, and of the beauty of peace. Mr. Burgess describes with equal fineness and discrimination the effect of the new ideas on Geira, the wild prophetess, on Dagmar, the generous child, and on Alsind, the old warrior whose stern, set mind can admit no new impressions.

We should imagine that Mr. Burgess would be very successful in a modern story involving moral problems and conflict. For a romance his story is too much "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Arvak has the hands of a Viking, but the voice is Matthew Arnold's. Mr. Burgess's fine discriminating power in the portrayal of character, his sympathetic description of mental agitation, would both find fuller scope in a modern introspection novel. His clear and nervous style would only be the better of being liberated from its occasional archaic dress. In spite of these demurs, however, we readily admit that Mr. Burgess has written what, take it all in all, is an original, interesting, and well-executed story.

H. J. C. Grierson.

POEMS AND CAROLS.*

Of these the carols are the best. Of course they are mainly conscious imitations of old forms; but imitation does not explain all their success. The part of Mr. Image's imagination in which these Christmas hymns were born, must be a good deal after the pattern of the imaginations of the old makers. Metres are easy to catch; so is the habit of using vivid pictorial images; but the brevity, the simplicity that dares speak boldly, and yet knows how to stop at a mere suggestion, instead of elaborately completing a picture, are not at all easy to attain. Half the secret of Mr. Image's success is, of course, not technical, but consists in the devoutness that enables him to live in the minds of the old hymn-writers of a simpler age. The true spirit has preceded the correct accent. Yet the fascination of this metrical exercise has tempted others than the devout; and one of these, Gautier, in his "Emaux et Camées," comes once very near perfect success. He concerned himself, however, only with the picture of the Nativity. Mr. Image, like the old English

* 'Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical.' By Lord de Tabley. Second series 5s. (John Lane.)

† 'The Viking Path: A Tale of the White Christ.' By J. J. Haldane Burgess, M.A. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

* 'Poems and Carols.' By Selwyn Image. (Elkin Mathews.)

carol writers, sings doctrine, too, and their rugged sincerity has never been better reproduced. Yet he has not spoilt his verse by archaic affectations.

"Hie, shepherds, hie!
Kneel, chant a lullaby!
Your Shepherd's here asleep.
Hell's rav'ning Beast
No more shall rend or feast
On us, poor sheep."

Neither that specimen nor any other has anything of the tame sweetness of the modern Christmas hymn. Mr. Image's religious poetry is austere, but we feel he had a reason for writing it. The best of the carols are "The Easter Hymn,"

"O vacant tomb!
Where is He gone that was thy treasure?"

"The Shepherds' Song," "Deep, deep snow," and "Consider, O my soul, what morn is this!", all reaching a high level of poetic dignity.

The few love poems in the very slender volume are well-fashioned. It is hard to say more for them. Mr. Image has framed them on graceful old models, but they ring less true than the songs he has made for the festivals of his Church.

A. M.

THE SON OF DON JUAN.*

Señor Echegaray is one of the most productive of living Spanish writers. He has written some fifty dramas in twenty-one years, during which time the most widely different interests have claimed his attention. He is a mathematician and an orator, a physicist, a lecturer on political economy and geology; he is consulted by civil engineers, and has written a book on sub-marine vessels of war. And this remarkable Jack of all trades seems, indeed, to be really master of some. His cleverness as a dramatist is indisputable; his quickness to see the situations in modern life that adapt themselves to dramatic treatment is very rare. Mr. Graham writes in rather a fulsome strain, but Echegaray deserves much of his praise. This very play which Mr. Graham has translated is clever in its workmanship and impressive in its tone. The translation is not first rate, but it does not dishonour its original in any flagrant manner.

Mr. Graham's workmanship, however, is not the main point to be considered. 'The Son of Don Juan' raises a point in ethics. It is frankly an adaptation of Ibsen's 'Ghosts.' There are considerable differences between the two, of course. The erring father in the Spanish drama lives to see the madness of his son. Lazarus, the son, is an interesting young poet. The characters are Spanish characters; the setting is Spanish; there is a southern fervour in the conversation. Echegaray gives no lazy, but, on the contrary, a very painstaking and a very clever adaptation, putting in a great deal of his own, though nothing at all of striking literary value. He acknowledges his debt, acknowledges that he borrowed Lazarus's mad clamour, "Give me the sun; mother, mother—the sun! For God's sake—for God's sake—for God's sake, mother—give me the sun." And if he had not acknowledged it, no one would have been deceived. The idea, some of the story, much of the development, are Ibsen's. Now playwrights borrow very frequently, even from their contemporaries. But not playwrights of literary eminence, surely? Or, if so, why is it held reputable in them, seeing that in novelists it would be held intolerable? The whole past is open to both to steal from, and Shakespeare has shown them the way. So we have in the example before us either a strange combination of audacity and meanness, one dramatist borrowing from another a capital idea in that other's lifetime, or the adaptation may be regarded as the adapter's way of doing honour to a brother genius. And the latter supposition probably fits the present case. But if so, the adapter's merit is merely technical; and it is absurd to treat him as seriously as if he had conceived and developed the whole idea. Echegaray deserves attention, but it was not a fortunate choice to select this particular drama to introduce him to us as a Spanish man of letters. It would serve very well on the stage to prove his skill as a playwright, but in the dainty Cameo Series, which is a home for masterpieces, 'The Son of Don Juan' seems a trifle out of place.

* 'The Son of Don Juan.' By Jose Echegaray. Translated by James Graham. Cameo Series. (Unwin.)

THE GLOBE FROISSART.*

Not very long ago the most accessible English translation of Froissart was the expensive one of Johnes in four formidable quartos. Of late years something has been done to place genial and chivalrous Froissart's chronicle of things English and Scottish, as well as Continental, within the reach of the "general reader," to whom the old-fashioned quarto is repellent. There has been an abridged Froissart in one octavo volume, another of 'Passages from Froissart,' and even a 'Boy's Froissart.' To these is now acceptably added a volume in the familiar Globe Series, edited by Mr. G. C. Macaulay, the translator of Herodotus, to whom Froissart has been sometimes fondly compared. Were it only for one reason this Globe edition is to be preferred to all previous attempts of a similar kind. While preceding editors and popularisers of Froissart have made their abridgments or selections from the translation by Johnes, Mr. Macaulay has wisely used that executed by Lord Berners in the first half of the sixteenth century at the command of Henry VIII. Froissart was "done" into respectable modern English, early in the present century, by Johnes, a very worthy English gentleman and Member of Parliament. But his translation is tame and commonplace compared with that of Lord Berners, who lived when the traditions of chivalry, with its good and its evil, were still in the air, and whose racy and vigorous if often careless version breathes the very spirit of the original, besides being a most interesting sample of "early Tudor" English. Mr. Macaulay's edition has, however, other claims to hearty approval. While modernising Lord Berners' orthography, he has left intact his archaic words and phrases, which are either elucidated in notes or explained in an excellent glossary. He has corrected as far as possible the names of places and persons which, often unrecognisable save with difficulty in Froissart, were made more so by Lord Berners or his printers. Mistakes in the translation are rectified in notes, so that the text is not tampered with. Unlike former abridgers—and for modern readers the exuberant Froissart stands a good deal of abridgment—Mr. Macaulay has given summaries of the incidents recorded in the chapters and passages omitted so as to give the narrative continuity. Among the omissions we observe with regret that of the touching dialogue between Edward III. and his wife, Queen Philippa, on her death-bed. A useful chronological summary of the chief historical events chronicled by Froissart is prefixed with an ample account of Lord Berners' biography and of the bibliography of his writings. What we chiefly miss is a memoir of Froissart himself, especially as Mr. Macaulay has ably sketched Froissart's biography in recent numbers of *Macmillan's Magazine*. But when so much has been excellently done, fault-finding seems ungracious and ungrateful.

F. Espinasse.

* 'The Chronicles of Froissart.' Translated by John Bourchier, Lord Berners. Edited and reduced into one volume by G. C. Macaulay, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. (Macmillan and Co. 1895.)

NOVEL NOTES.

BEYOND THE DREAMS OF AVARICE. By Walter Besant. (Chatto and Windus.)

This must be included in Mr. Besant's three or four best novels. It has a good situation, carefully developed, a large group of living, moving characters; and its workmanship is excellent. He courted hard work when he invented the plot; for it is no easy matter to deal with so many different persons and interests as are concerned in it. The huge fortune of the apparently intestate John Calvert Burley, which had been gathered by himself and his family by not very honourable means, will revert to the Crown unless heirs turn up. Of course they do, in swarms, from East and West, and South and North; young and old, prosperous and needy, and with no former guess of each other's existence; for the Burleys had had an unhappy family history, and the

quarrels of the last generation had scattered the members of the next far beyond reach and knowledge of each other. Their hopes and fears, ambitions, motives, and efforts, are followed closely; their characters are studied before their great hope, and as they appear in rivalry with the others, in great detail, but not at wearisome length. The entirely unforeseen conclusion should not be divulged. That Mr. Besant has written the story is enough guarantee of its liveliness, and his liveliness is this time applied to capital material. 'Beyond the Dreams of Avarice' has turned out a great success.

THE MODEL OF CHRISTIAN GAY. By Horace A. Vachell (Bentley.)

There is so much that is good in this story and so much that is worthless, that to deliver judgment on it is not easy. One thing, however, is certain. All save those who are plagued with hyper-fastidiousness on the score of workmanship, will find it very readable. Christian Gay, the stainless Bayard and artist of genius, is a nice fellow for whom we don't care a brass farthing from beginning to end, and his brother Sylvester, the *roué*, the tenor of genius, proves that wickedness may be as dull as virtue. But for the Californians, Bill Smith and the lovely Virginia—one wins our hearts and both win our interests—and the excitements of bear-hunting, love-making, and bold robbery, when they are of the company, never leave us cold. It is a story packed full of incident, and the only incident we object to is Christian's ghastly and highly improbable impersonation of a corpse to extract confession from the murderer. It is a case where ingenuity is not rewarded. The grammar of the novel is bad, the reflections are trite, but as a story it has distinct merits.

A KING'S DIARY. By Percy White. (Cassell.)

Had Mr. White a definite plan in his head when he began this story? A young man of literary tastes and narrow means, author of 'Imitations of Catullus,' falls in love with a very rich bourgeois's daughter, and by the influence of an aristocratic relative and the material help of the bourgeois, he is enabled to marry her. He chronicles his early domestic bliss and his efforts to make a way for himself in the world in a lively and capable fashion, and, indeed, we readers are never really hopeless of his ability to succeed finally. But Mr. White evidently became convinced at last that he was doomed to failure. At that point he paused to consider what he should do with him. Perhaps to leave him to idle, elegant loafing, or launch him on a series of costly and useless journalistic experiments, would be to make his story a fizzle; so in despair, we conjecture, he tacked on his beginning to the end of some other hero that has been simmering in his brain. He sends him mad. But as this particular young man would never have gone mad without peculiar provocation, he provides him with a severe knock on the head. His mania is a happy one, in which he plays a benevolent, princely part—hence the title. The last part is not a first-rate study of madness, and the earlier chapters don't lead up to it at all. There is no cohesion in the book, and, though in parts it is clever enough, it is not what we expect from the writer of 'Mr. Bailey-Martin.'

THE SECRET OF THE COURT. By F. Frankfort Moore. (Hutchinson.)

TWO IN THE BUSH. By F. Frankfort Moore. (Innes.)

Mr. Frankfort Moore is marvellously versatile. In some of his moods we have no liking for him. But since reading his two new volumes we have come to the conclusion that he wrote 'One Fair Daughter,' one of the ugliest books of recent years, in an abnormal fit of cynicism, and that he has now recovered. 'The Secret of the Court' belongs to a class of story that never seems to go out of fashion, but of which Bulwer was the completest master. It deals with the mysteries of life and death, their unveilers, and the victims of their experiments. The secret of the restoration of life was found in this case, after prolonged study, in an Egyptian temple of incredible age. The description of the temple, by-the-bye, is striking, and the weird effect it produces is brought about by no cheap devices. Unfortunately, we think, the experiment is tried on a young Englishwoman, who has died leaving her relatives bitterly sorrowing; it would have kept the story in far better tone had the East and some fair, mysterious Oriental been the scene and the victim. For victim she must be called. Therein lies the point of the story. The secret referred merely to the physical life, and had no power in the restoration of the soul. The rash Englishman had not listened to the wise warning of the mysterious Albaran; but he learnt through remorse "that when Death knocks at the door he should be admitted as an honoured guest. There are worse friends than Death."

The other volume is entirely different in character. It is a volume of short tales, romantic, tragic, adventurous, and all of them vivacious. 'A Colourable Imitation' is a picturesque version of one of the numerous Paganini stories. 'The Cruise of the *Diana*' is a grim tale of the old brutal days of the Navy, containing an instance of righteous revenge which even the mildest can hardly disapprove. 'Two in the Bush' is a mere anecdote; there is little in it, perhaps, but it is told in a lively strain, and gives some pictures of the accidents and circumstances of bush life that could hardly be bettered. There is excellent entertainment for an hour or two in the volume.

THE MYSTERIES OF MARSEILLES. By Emile Zola. Translated by E. Vizetelly. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

When Zola is sentimental he is generally funny, though not amusing. In this old story he is at once sentimental, romantic, and sensational; and though he may be all these in reality, his expression of these moods is never happy. The consequences of Blanche De Cazalai's elopement with Philippe Cayol make up a fair third-rate story, clever from a narrative point of view, and quite readable, if the mawkish sentiment can be either tolerated or skipped. But of Zola's finer qualities it contains not a trace. Let it be also said that it is equally guiltless of objectionable language. Mr. Vizetelly has not taken much trouble with the translation; but in a poor book this is less of a crime. An excellent portrait of Zola forms the frontispiece.

THE MERMAID. By L. Dougall. (Bentley.)

The authoress of 'Beggars All' is nothing if not original. To give the part of hero to a young man who was at once a skilful burglar and an amiable, charming, generous husband and friend, was a great feat; and the audacity was justified by the consistent development of the story and by its success. There is nothing more audacious in 'The Mermaid,' but a great deal that is more improbable. It never sins against possibilities, though on the score of probability, of credibility, there is nothing to be said for it at all. But, then, by its very queerness its rouses our interest. The dreamy, poetic doctor watching the mermaid in the sea, and discovering in the creature's face the look of the child whom he had seen drowned years before, makes a weird and genuinely poetical scene. Why does not Miss Dougall make it a fantasy from that point? Her readers will keep wishing it were a fairy story more strongly than they will enjoy the complicated *dénouement*, the love story of Caius, and the adventures of the mysterious Madame le Maître. The writer's imagination has gone on perilous and distant adventures and got lost many a time. But most others in such a case would have only created an absurdity. Miss Dougall has produced something very queer as a whole, but whose parts are marked by a weird charm and poetry.

A DAUGHTER OF THE KING. By "Alien." (Hutchinson.)

'A Daughter of the King' is like so many other books of to-day, that it need not think itself specially called out for reproach if we say it might have been written in fever or hysteria. Morbid excitability calls forth a great deal of this particular kind of literature just now. No minds utterly commonplace, and none that are robust, can conceive the sort of thing. An ecstasy of fine sentiments, vague enthusiasm for beauty and nobility, uncontrolled by any vigorous thought or trained intelligence, are its main materials. The story here, and the characters, too, are a trifle more coherent than in many books of the class, but its sentiments read like frenzied nonsense. If they were anything else surely they would conquer our colder mood. The incident of the children marching across country, playing the Israelites journeying into the wilderness, is the only one we can look back on with any pleasure or sympathy.

A BACHELOR MAID. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Autonym Library. 1s. 6d. (Unwin.)

This is not an entirely successful story, and it is based on a subject driven to death just now. But much is to be forgiven it for the sake of the heroine's sensible statement on the last page, that "she had come to regard the woman question as one involving the whole, not half, of the human race." There is abundance of incident in the story, and some phases of modern life are described with much cleverness; but we confess to have skipped, partly because the interest has a way of dying down every tenth page or so, and partly because the type is bad. Shorter tales would be more beneficial to the eyesight of readers of the Autonym Library.

UNDER SEALED ORDERS. By Grant Allen. 3 vols. (Chatto.)

The plot is the main thing in Mr. Grant Allen's new story, and in fairness it should not be divulged. Enough to say that it is a very good plot, if you grant a few improbabilities, and one that you can't guess from the start, and that pursues its devious ways with energy and skill. As may be guessed from the title, it has to do with Nihilists, but a good part of the story passes in England, the principal personage, Prince Ruric Brassoff, carrying on a noted photographic business under the name of Mortimer and Co., in Regent Street. The tastes and instincts of English readers are frequently consulted. Hero No. 2 is also a Russian, but he passes for an Englishman, and has every quality which the favourite of English fiction should possess—beauty of person, athletic skill, love of fair-play, hatred of violence. His life is not worth a brass farthing at one time, but he wins his lovely young cosmopolite Ionê for all that. The Russian incidents, the personality of Olga Mireff, and of Brassoff, will most attract the adventurous, but others may choose as their favourite scene the appearance of the two young London exquisites at the girls' flat in Westminster, with an offer—finally accepted and carried out—to do all the menial work of lighting fires and cleaning boots of a morning, first, by way of evincing disinterested admiration for the musician, the tale-writer, and the painter, who formed the phalanstery, and secondly, to rub off a little of their own respectability. Mr. Grant Allen has put a great deal of varied matter into his amusing novel, which though it may have been written as the merest potboiler, is just as likely to make people think rightly and bravely as 'The Woman who Did.'

OLD BROWN'S COTTAGES. By John Smith. Pseudonym Library. 1s. 6d. (Unwin.)

"The accursed drink! Should I ever come to the end of its victims?" This is the keynote to this little collection of stories. They are not temperance tracts, but given as the observations of a district visitor they perhaps better serve the end of philanthropy than of fiction. The stories, whether gay or sad, are told from the point of view of one by nature and fortune mercifully apart from the inhabitants of Brown's Cottages, and this condescension, though it is never unamiable, is fatal to the possibility of living portraiture. The style is poor, and from every point of view the book is below the level of the series.

WITH RANK AND FILE. By Arthur Amyand. (Osgood and McIlvaine.)

These 'Side-lights on Soldier Life' are kindly efforts to raise our appreciation of our soldiers by tales of their hardships, their humours, and their heroisms. Mr. Kipling has done it with genius once and for all, it may be said; but his success need not close the door on others with equally good intentions, if less skil'. Mr. Amyand's stories are not very clever; but they are generous and sympathetic, and written with a close knowledge of military life. The melancholy tale of 'Slip and Dandy,' and that of the unlucky Clumps, are touching in a simple, wholesome way. We must say, however, that the pathetic note is a trifle too much insisted on; a little more high spirits in these Rank and File stories would not have lessened our sympathy with the good fellows of which they tell.

THE FENCING GIRL. By Ralf Roofer. 3s. 6d. (Gay and Bird.)

This chronicle of the Society of the New Souls has genuine distinction in its absurdity. The New Souls hold advanced opinions regarding matrimony, and this is how they talk. "We are accordingly competent, from these emanations from the Almighty into our minds, to determine for ourselves the conduct to acquire the highest state of religious perfection. We listen not to the sophistry of the learned, and contemplate with passive indifference the wrangling among the sects over doctrines and ceremonies, because heaven inspired our minds, for we insult not faith by exercising reason's faculty, that leads us to righteousness." The utterances of "this scion of noble blood, a veritable goddess of purity," may be transcribed satirically. It is impossible to say. All the pages are equally absurd. A noble lord acknowledges the rejection of his proposal of marriage to a New Soul in these terms: "I am sorry . . . and will conclude my visit, regretting that I am compelled to say, as the brothers on the Exchange say, when bid and offer cannot consummate a trade, 'nothing done.'" And the book's absurdity is even rivalled by its vulgarity.

A MAID OF THE MANSE. By E. Rentoul Esler. (Sampson Low.)

Mrs. Esler's collection of short stories, 'The Way they Loved at Grimpat,' roused expectations which may not be altogether fulfilled by 'A Maid of the Manse.' Of course in one long story it is hardly fair to look for the variety which was so pleasing a feature of the earlier book; yet we wish Mrs. Esler had used a little more material here. There is hardly enough to rouse any strong interest. But the story has distinct merits; refinement, unaffectedness, and genuine, if sparing, humour; good writing, too. Its scene is laid in a kind of life and society unfamiliar enough to English readers, in North of Ireland Presbyterian manses. Struggles with poverty, with religious difficulty, and the trials of love, make up the incidents, which are rather grey and undefined. In compensation, however, the characters are excellently thought out and strongly individual.

A LONDON LEGEND. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. 3 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)

It may be presumptuous to call the work of so experienced a man of letters as Mr. McCarthy amateurish, but the truth can hardly be spoken in a more respectful term. The translator of 'Hafiz' and successful adapter of a clever play, can comfort himself with his literary honours outside fiction. His novel displays a lavish profusion of incident and circumstance. Socialist propaganda and patrician propaganda, lectures on Greek art, a county bye-election, snake-charming, attempted murder by a Thug in Surrey woods, a high-born young lady's personation of her maid or companion—these suggest but a little of the changes of scene and temperature in 'A London Legend.' Perhaps, however, it is not the incongruity of the incidents that hurts the book so much as its dreary attempt to represent the opinions of to-day in fiction. The appearance of a Socialist, or a man of letters, in a novel has become almost terrifying. Mr. McCarthy, with an inkling of this, has striven to enliven the dull modernness by the bold insertion of wild adventure. But the result is patchwork, and shoddy patchwork, too. The best thing in the muddled story is the portraiture of the characters—we cannot say of the actors.

THE PHANTOM DEATH, and other Stories. By W. Clark Russell. (Chatto.)

The book with this attractively grim title consists of eleven anecdotes—stories, if you like, but "anecdotes" better describes at once their brevity and the slight development of incident and character in each. There is something picturesque, or weird, or sensational, in all of them, and though they are thin and leave an unsatisfactory impression, we are not sure that Mr. Russell's simple, and even careless enough, narrative, is not as good a form as could have been given them. 'The Phantom Death,' that ghastly snake story, suggests no further development, though perhaps The Lazarette of the 'Huntress,' and the 'Chiliman Tragedy,' suffer from the meagre style in which they are treated. All, however, are entertaining, and are especially suitable for readers in a hurry, or readers who want something that will let thought lie quiet.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE WHITE BOOK OF THE MUSES. By G. F. Reynoldson. 6s. net. (Johnston).

This is in several ways a remarkable book. First let us refer to its outside, which is very magnificent, with its gilt flowers and rivers and muses on fair white buckram. Then the paper is very good and thick, and the type excellent. The muses are hospitably housed. But Mr. Reynoldson is nothing if not hospitable. He would fain omit nobody from his sonneteering honours, and thus it comes that, within the same cover, Homer hobnobs with Mr. W. E. Henley, Sappho with Mr. Sharp, Theocritus with Mrs. Graham Tomson, Spenser with Mr. Arthur Symons, and Ben Jonson with Mr. Lionel of (very nearly) the same surname. But his courtesy goes farther. He will make no invidious distinctions at his table. Like a well-bred host, he knows his guests' little private achievements, and in his address to each, flatteringly insinuates the knowledge; but he refuses to bestow his best adjectives on Dante, say, to the impoverishment of Mr. John Davidson, or on Catullus to make sink the heart of Mr. Norman Gale. No cold, grudging critic spirit disturbs his generous catholicity. Hence, I read in the Sonnet to Aristophanes:

> "As mighty as the mountains
> The personality which holds us here;"

and I think that fine till I come to "Lord de Tabley," and find him faring still better:

> "Monarchically throned, august
> As God embodied in the heavenly blue."

Homer, in deference to old prejudice, comes off well, of course:

> "The morning star who from Heaven's guiding height
> Shed lustre o'er the walls and halls of Troy,"

but really Mr. Le Gallienne has nothing to complain of by comparison; for is he not thus apostrophised?—

> "A star shone at thy birth, I trow,
> Whose amethystine sphere
> Coloured the air above, below,
> With loving lustre clear."

How delighted must Mr. Symons be to know that he was "born for the poet's purple," and Mr. Davidson that the muses "ring him round in honey-hearted bowers," and Mr. Johnson that his "words win love as roses win the spring." Henceforth secure, they may snap their fingers at the reviewers' carping words of prose. But nothing is perfect under the sun, not even Mr. Reynoldson's hospitality. A few guests have been omitted, and crave a speedy new edition of 'The White Book of the Muses.'

HEINE IN ART AND LETTERS. Translated with a prefatory note. By Elizabeth A. Sharp. Scott Library. 1s. 6d. (W. Scott.)

The inaccurate title covers a selection from Heine's 'Essays and Letters'—to be explicit, those on Rossini and Meyerbeer; on Berlioz, Liszt, and Chopin; The Salon, 1831 and 1833; Letters from Berlin, 1822; The Old Regime; June Days, 1832; Letters from Normandy; and Letters from the Pyrenees. Art and letters do not include politics, but politics, of course, play no inconsiderable part in the above selection. There is no clear principle binding the extracts together, but Mrs. Sharp has compiled a very readable book, nevertheless; for her translation is intelligent, and the least of Heine's thoughts on art are fruitful yet, however informally they are expressed. German prose is locked away from a great many who would be glad to know more of Heine; so this little book should find readers.

ECONOMIC CLASSICS. Edited by W. J. Ashley. Adam Smith David Ricardo. (Macmillan.)

This is an ingeniously planned series, and, judging from the two volumes we have seen, the plan is going to be intelligently carried out. The great economists—Malthus, Mun, Child, Turgot, Quesnai, Roscher and others will be dealt with—are made to reveal themselves in their own words to students unable or unfitted at a given time to read or profit by their complete works. The Adam Smith volume, for instance, contains select passages from 'The Wealth of Nations,' arranged so as to give a general view of the whole of the economist's philosophy; while in the Ricardo volume will be found the first six chapters of the 'Principles of Political Economy and Taxation,' those, in fact which contain his general economic theory. Both are prefaced by very short biographical accounts of the authors. Some knowledge of the labour and the contribution to thought and international custom of the greater economists, should belong to every educated man. This series aims at supplying it conveniently, and far more accurately than most paraphrases could do. Candidates for examinations may be trusted to discover its practical usefulness. The volumes are very attractive in shape and appearance.

LANGLAND'S VISION OF PIERS THE PLOWMAN. Done into English Prose. By Kate M. Warren. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)

In these days it is not hard to get "culture," and yet how many escape it, though the paths to it are so numerous and so easy. Miss Warren has just opened another road, and her labour has been carefully and conscientiously performed. Her prose version reads not too modern, not too ancient, and she has kept a good deal of the fine picturesque flavour of the original words. Her preface, too, is intelligent; she has been without doubt a diligent student of Langland and his time. If we cast any doubt on the worth of her book, it is because of our scepticism of the possibility of interesting a wide class to-day in our older literature. Ninety-nine per cent obstinately prefer the latest fiction, though they denounce its tendencies. Of the remaining one, some fraction may be trusted to take the trouble to read the classics in their original form; the remainder fraction is, we suppose, Miss Warren's audience. May it increase! Perhaps her best chance lies with young people.

POEMS BY ROBERT SOUTHEY. Chosen and Arranged by Edward Dowden. Golden Treasury Series. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Of course Southey should have a place in the "Golden Treasury" series. One feels so instinctively, though one may be at a loss to justify his inclusion on poetic grounds. He is little read, and he is not of that difficult, eccentric order whom the cult of chosen spirits in after ages may possibly compensate for present indifference. The wealth of Southey's poetry is displayed on the surface; it is there for us to like or dislike at a glance. It must wring admiration many a time, but it can have hardly any lovers. Professor Dowden says in his Introduction, "The interest which Southey's poetry retains for the student of nineteenth century literature is twofold: first, it expresses the genius and character of an eminent individual; secondly, it is a portion of the romantic revival of his time." The first statement we take leave to doubt. His poetry expresses his tastes rather than his character. Those who know his Life told in his letters, which Mr. Dennis has edited, know more of the real personality of the man—a charming and a heroic personality—than is revealed by his poems. But a "portion of the romantic revival of his time" he certainly is. Southey is a bit of literary history. He is a great landmark if an indifferent poet, and he cannot be forgotten though "Thalaba" and "Madoc"—"two very pretty poems" he called them—are unread. Needless to say, Professor Dowden has chosen the best in Southey for inclusion in this dainty edition.

ALEXANDER III. OF RUSSIA. By Charles Lowe. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Some portions of this biography we feel to be mere echoes of official opinion. It is not written by a very keen critic as an expression of his individual opinion. But it is written by one who has studied the general course of European politics closely, and who can summarise facts and tendencies with telling brevity. It is eminently a convenient book for the newspaper writer and reader, and one written with moderation, and dignity, and common sense.

DUNBAR. Being a Selection from the Poems of an Old Makar. Adapted for Modern Readers. By Hugh Haliburton. (W. Scott.)

All serious persons will agree that Hugh Haliburton should not have taken such liberties with a Scottish classic as are to be found inside the covers of this little book. And

then, if besides being serious, they are sensible and gifted with some humour, they will forgive him and be grateful for his offence. 'Dunbar' is certainly not for the average reader, but this adapter has found in him a fund of mirth and wit and wisdom which the average reader may be trusted to like when given to him conveniently. And for the most part it is given here conveniently, though—to quote an exception—what Southerner should be expected to understand this without the glossary at the end?—which, of course, he will not consult:—

"Ithers there are like barren fools
Wha clock fu' cauld on cheeny bools,
An' streetch their wings, an' strive in vain
For chickens from a chucky-stane."

He has allowed himself large licence in his adaptations, but perhaps 'Dunbar' is like Horace, and admits of such treatment. And if the result be sometimes more Haliburton than Dunbar, it is a good result. The verse is good, the sense is good, the style vivacious, and the Scots full of vigour. He should not have to fear the "contra kind," the critics, in terror of whom he yet indites a version of "Faine Wald I with all Diligence,' that ends with this melancholy forecast:—

"But when they a' begin to bowff
Till misery haunts the muse's howff,
Better I left the paper white
An' took to poaching, or to gowff,
Than write an' kenna what to write."

VIGNETTES. By A. N. St. J. Mildmay. (Stock.)

This is a very difficult book to write about. We can only treat it seriously seeing that it bears on its title-page, I. "Poetry is the criticism of life." II. "Poetry is emotion remembered in tranquillity." III. "Poetry is wisdom upon oath in the court of Imagination." Such evidence of culture makes us gaze stupefied at a passage like the following from a very ambitious and incoherent poem called "The Convict":

"Miss Daniel was my aunt—a cipher woman,
A brass doll with my father's voice and eyes,
And such a vacancy about her heart
As might suppose a mutiny of the blood
Which sat usurped and purple in her nose
To scent affronts, where judgment of right reason
Saw no indignity."

This, we take it, may be modelled on the style of him whom the poet in his note calls politely, "The late Mr. Browning"—though, by-the-bye, he thinks the late Mr. Browning's language in such poems as the "Ring and the Book" should be severely avoided. The humorous prose at the end is beyond our comprehension, and we wonder if it is illustrative of the maxims of culture on the title-page.

THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE. By Mrs. Oliphant. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Here we have the original of the sketches on the same subject contributed by Mrs. Oliphant to the *Century* some years ago. In serial form they were cruelly "cut," and the writer's charm of style had little chance of recognition. Mrs. Oliphant would be the last person to claim to be an original researcher or even a profound reflecter on historical things. She is a cultivated woman of catholic interests, quick insight, and ready sympathies. But as a populariser of historical knowledge she should be given a very high rank. Her 'Makers of Florence,' for instance, has been the first inspiration of many Italian students, if it be not itself the work of a student. And here in these very readable essays her special power is particularly visible. The Queen, the Duchess, William Penn, Swift, Harley, and Addison, are brought before us pictorially and humanly. To young readers her book may be the starting point of new interests and studies. Few books can serve a better purpose than to set us off on fresh errands, or to remind us of obligations to old friends.

STUDIES IN FOLK-SONG AND POPULAR POETRY. By Alfred M. Williams. (Stock.)

This is a very slight book, which the serious and learned student may ignore. But it is fascinating, nevertheless, to the readers for whom it is designed. Mr. Williams is rather a lover of poetry than a folk-lorist. He is quick to see genius and beauty in rough settings; his romantic instincts are all alive, and he has a real talent for verse-making. To English readers the newest matter is probably contained in the papers on "American Sea Songs" and "Folk Songs of the Civil War;" those on "English and Scottish Popular Ballads," suggested by Professor Child's collection, on "Folk-Songs of Roumania," a review of "The Bard of the Dumbovitza," and most of the others, being merely intelligent *comptes rendus*. But as an introduction to popular poetry, to give a first taste of the large banquet that is ready spread for all who will take the trouble to sit down at its tables in almost any European country, it would be difficult to name a better book than Mr. Williams' pleasantly written one. Mr. Edward Clodd writes a brief preface.

HARVARD COLLEGE. By George Birkbeck Hill. 9s. (Macmillan.)

An old resident, a critic but far more a lover of Oxford, Dr. Birkbeck Hill in his recent visit to America looked at one of its colleges with kindly jealousy in his eyes. Having examined the Harvard of the present day, comparing it at every point with the English university he knows so well—he set about the study of its history. Hence this book, which is the story of Harvard, a statement of its present condition, system, and resources, and a comparison of higher education in England and America. Dr. Birkbeck Hill is known for an open-minded man, so that he did not carry too many English prejudices to his subject is not surprising. It is to be reckoned quite as much to his credit that he did not lose his head over what he admired in America, and proceed to scold his own country in unmeasured terms. Gifts for university purposes and for purposes of research are, he thinks, more easily obtainable there than with us; and he describes much that is admirable in the government of Harvard. For the enlightenment of English educators he has written with much detail concerning things which would not be so difficult of adoption here as the superiorities of Oxford would be to transplant to America. Above all is his book an appeal to international sympathy. He would have but one university in the world, with many branches, and the serious students of each welcome at all.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

REGULATIONS FOR YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN. (*An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.*)

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
'Bookman' Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

A FEW.—Fair. Just a little dull. M. is not a convincing heroine. She is meant to be capricious and uncertain, I understand, but her caprices and uncertainty should be, nevertheless, probable. That the masterful young woman appointed J. her literary censor so early in their acquaintanceship I don't believe. The story wants either more incident or greater subtlety.

A. H.—Is it written seriously? I can hardly believe so in reading the first, the last, or indeed any stanza. I can only describe the impression it leaves on me in your own words, "imageless infiniteness." Stick to Euclid.

ALEXIS.—Fair. A religious newspaper might accept it for the sake of its subject.

ALUN.—Many of the lines are very harsh, *e.g.*, "But not to tax it to too great a length." I don't know why you chose verse for the little story, which might have been very pretty and even poetical in prose. Was it, perhaps, written off at a sitting? You might try your hand at a child's story, but not in verse.

ARCADIA.—Second verse very incongruous. 'Cynthia's Late' does not agree with the commonplace reflection that you didn't care though "it was late." All the verses have the same fault—the literal and prosaic stumbling against fine language.

JEAN AUCHYNDACHY.—Try a boy's paper, or even a girl's. Yes, you should send the notes, too, but they might be shortened; *b* and *c*

might be omitted. The metre is harsh, especially from "Swift to lead" to "young grace."

BUTE.—Obscure.

LIONEL CARSTAIRS.—This has neither rhyme nor reason. It won't do at all.

C. L.—Your MS. is very difficult to decipher, but from what I have been able to read of it, I cannot conscientiously encourage you to go on writing stories. I do not think there is average skill in the narrative, and the style is poor. The inattention to punctuation and such details gives the MS. an uneducated look, which would prejudice an editor against it.

CLARRY HOLE.—You might send No. 1 to the organ of the game. It is capable of improvement. It might run a little smoother. Leave No. 2 alone.

CLERY-CUSS.—Satirical verse is very difficult.

CURRAGH.—You haven't yet a story to tell. Fiction needs either invention or knowledge of human nature. Wait for a little of the latter. Meanwhile read.

DONNACHA RUADH.—Doubtless an impressive sight, but it is not described impressively. And your reflections on the past of the unknown monk are sentimental, and a little trivial. It would have been far better to have made a story out of the incident.

DOUGLAS.—A bold story. Not very probable, I think. Its brevity, a most admirable feature in general, makes the tragic scene a little ludicrous. Some explanation is needed in circumstances so improbable. But cultivate the brevity and directness. It will be, oftener than not, a valuable feature in your stories.

EARLY DAFFODILS.—Second sentence bad. Why, a slight examination will make evident. Is it not poetically improbable that the thrushes should have nursed such a grievance? Granted that the flowers' bright colours suggest loud singing, when do birds sing the loudest and most merrily? Just at the time of year when colour is brightest—which explodes your theory. And why should the human beings have been recognised as a court of appeal? You might try a children's magazine, but I should not be satisfied with the story if I were you.

E. H. B.—No. 1. "Mother and child"—Is that the relationship of the sky and the stone? The description is eloquent, impressive. There is promise in your writing. No. 2. I think you do right to query the last paragraph. The girl would have been unhappy with such a fate. Better let her after life be vague, or invent something not too tame. There is much that is winning and poetical in the story, though it is hardly the kind of thing sought by magazine editors.

ELISE.—Good. This should find acceptance in a child's magazine.

E. R. M.—If ever you send a story to an editor, have it type-written. Your handwriting is almost illegible. Perhaps that has influenced my opinion that the style is dull. And there is not enough incident for so long a story as you have made. It is not promising, but if you wish still to try, look out for a bright plot, tell the narrative very briefly, and don't moralise.

F. T.—There is no merit in the verses.

GASCOIGNE.—An ever-delightful subject. Not at all badly written, though I am glad you are content to let it be a mere exercise. It is a little vague, as all such general descriptions must be, except the best (Hazlitt's). You have most correct opinions on the subject of wheels. Try a more definite subject next time, and go on.

P. GILROY.—There are good things in it. The theological talk of the fishermen is clever. You should give it a less misleading title, and send it to a Northern newspaper.

H. F. W.—Excellent as a specimen of dialect. Your phonetic method reproduces the pronunciation very exactly, but to an outsider it would be as unintelligible as Hebrew, *e.g.*, "A not na tellin." I should put queries to your pronunciation in a very few cases, *e.g.*, "pates," "manish." And "kiards" is not very good phonetically. But the MS. is a mere dialect specimen. If you were to make Tom the hero of a story, this reminiscence of his youth might serve as a chapter.

J. F. C.—Try your luck with these in a children's magazine. I doubt if you have caught the right tone. The introductions to your stories are not very attractive. It would be better to tell the story first and moralise afterwards.

J. H. E.—Contains some vivid description.

EDWIN LEWIS.—Why do you write 'Ivan Hoe?' You describe a very funny scene—the two hypnotists glaring each other powerless. Don't deal so much in shrieks. This is the skeleton of a story. Now you might clothe it.

L. B.—Do you like this sing-song metre when you read it aloud? I don't understand the purpose of the parentheses. I don't think the verses promising.

L. H. S.—I find it difficult in this case to judge by a single chapter. The beginning of it seems dull, but that may be because I have not been worked up to interest by reading the first part of the story. The scene beginning on p. 66 is distinctly good. I am inclined to think that the style is a little flat, and that unless all the foregoing incidents are vividly described, the story might be really dull. You can send the rest if you like.

GEORGE E. MARISCHAL.—A carefully written paper, but better adapted for reading aloud at an essay society than for publication. The first part is rhetorical, but far from literary. The rest of the paper, which deals with facts, points to possible employment on a newspaper. "To write an occasional article for a magazine on some historical incident" would be good practice—of course, if you don't mind rejection.

ADAM MACADAM.—First sentence very queer. It suggests the establishment by Nature of local beauty-factories. Did you mean this? "Money" is not a "virtue," and "wealth" can be treated as an abstraction. "Having a goodly amount of brains, as brains go"—what does this mean? You might tell a lively story some day, when you have learnt to write. The title of your story, without the happy ending, describes your case. On one hand your manner is rigid, on the other unduly colloquial. You want a great deal of practice and observant reading.

MONA.—Fair. A very difficult metre to master. Some lines are unpoetical, *e.g.*, "But 'tis love . . . unfold."

NOEL.—I like it. The general meaning is, of course, clear enough, but the construction is often obscure, and sometimes incorrect, and hides the exact meaning of some parts. Even in the second line the meaning is doubtful, and from "Angels assume" onwards to the end of the page the sense is again misty. The reflections at the foot of p. 2 are a little too modern in tone. But it is really poetical, and worth taking a little more trouble over.

PHILAMORE.—Don't repeat unimpressive words—"having itself no part. No part or portion," etc. "Azure main" is a little worn. "The years will pass" is a little too obvious to make an effective refrain. The allegory in the last is not very clear. All the pieces, save perhaps the last, are trivial.

Q. P.—A pretty little story. It might have a chance of insertion in a magazine, as it is so short. But the poetical maiden and the practical maiden are both too vague to interest me much.

SHERWOOD.—Metre and sentiment both correct. A country newspaper might print it in its Poets' Corner.

SNOW MAID.—No. 2 is the best. You might send it to a woman's paper—not a terribly advanced one, which might scent frivolity. The other is only half-made. Metre and words are poor, and I doubt if anything could be made of it.

SORTICULA.—Nicely written, but a fancy of this kind is the easiest of all things to describe, and is very little test of imagination or thought or structure. You have got beyond the elementary stage of writing, but this paper is too little of a test for one to say more.

TANCRED TANCRED.—The first part of the scene with the woman in the churchyard is impressive. Try to make A.'s attractiveness a little more evident. As to style—avoid such an expression as "the obese disciple of Adam," and even such as "went again into the garden to continue his horticultural operations." The grammatical construction is occasionally faulty. It has not literary merit, but the situation is humanly interesting, and if you peg away at the improvement of the writing, you might get it accepted.

T. H.—The unpublished one is, so far as metre is concerned, the best. I am not sure that the advice to "write in English" was good. If you stick to homely pathos—but beware of the maudlin—dialect might serve you better. A Scotch newspaper or magazine might accept this.

T. M.—A great deal of very loose writing on the first page. In "scientific" playing of whist, is it usual to converse on "the fall of the cards"? Take care of the hang of your sentences, or the result will be nonsense. But you have hit on a clever and ingenious idea. Send the story to a newspaper. You might cut down the rhapsody on hearts first, however.

VENTRE-SAINT-GRIS.—No. 1 very obscure. It presents no picture. Second half of first sonnet fair; second and third sonnets very harsh. The last gives the most coherent picture. There is some stuff in your verses, but as yet no melody.

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RICARDO, D.—Principles of Political Economy, the First Six Chapters, edited by W. J. Ashley, 3/- net .....Macmillan
[*See p.* 26.]
SCHILLER.—Der Neffe als Onkel, introduction by L. Dyer, 2/-Macmillan
SMALL, Rev. G., and others.—Anglo-Urdu Handbook or Hindustani Guide, 6/- .....Thacker
SMALL, Rev. G.—A Grammar of the Urdu or Hindustani Language in its Romanized Character, 6/- .....Thacker
SMITH, A.—Wealth of Nations, Select Chapters and Passages from, edited by W. J. Ashley, 3/- net.....Macmillan
[*See p.* 26.]
SUTCLIFFE, G. W.—Steam Power and Mill Work, 21/- ....Whittaker
Thucydides, Book 1, ed., with Introduction and Notes, by W. H. Forbes; part 1, Introduction and Text, 8/6 Oxford Press
TODHUNTER, I., and HOGG, R. W.—Key to Plane Trigonometry, 10/6 .....Bentley
VINES, S. H.—Student's Text-Book of Botany, part 2, 7/6; parts 1 and 2 in 1 vol., 15/- .....Sonnenschein
YONGE, E. S.—Aids to Surgical Anatomy, 2/ -.....Bailliere
WALDO, F. J., and WALSH, D.—Bread, Bakehouses, and Bacteria, Reprints of Various Papers, 2/-.....Bailliere
WEICHSELBAUM, Dr. A.—Elements of Pathological Histology, translated by W. R. Dawson, 21/- net.....Longmans
WHITELEY, R. L.—Organic Chemistry: The Fatty Compounds, 3/6 Longmans
WEST, A. S.—English Grammar for Beginners, 1/- ..Cambridge Press
[*A sound elementary knowledge of the principles at the root of the form and construction of the English language can be obtained from this little book.*]
RUSSELL, T.—Meteorology, Weather, and Methods of Forecasting, 16/- net .....Macmillan
SIEMENS, W. von.—Scientific and Technical Papers, vol. 2, translated from Second German Edition, 14/-.....Murray

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANDREWS, W.—Curious Church Customs and Cognate Subjects, 6/- Andrews
Blackie's School and Home Library: Marryat's Settlers in Canada, Washington Irving's Conquest of Granada, 2 vols., 1/4 each .....Blackie
[*Well considered additions to one of the healthiest juvenile libraries in existence.*]
BUCHANAN, J. P.—Hints on Billiards, 3/6 net .....Bell
COHEN, E. M., and POWNALL, S. B.—Fast Day and Vegetarian Cookery, 2/- net .....Cox
CORSON, H.—The Aims of Literary Study, 3/- .....Macmillan
Current Literature, vol. 2.....Dunlop
[*This is a list of books issued and announced from December 23rd, 1893, to January 4th, 1895, selected for the Australian market. It is well printed and illustrated, and might be of considerable use to booksellers and librarians, were there a full index attached.*]
DAVIDSON, T.—The Education of the Greek People and its Influence on Civilization, 6/- .....Arnold
DE MEY, J. C.—Glad Thoughts of Great Minds, 2/6 .....Digby
[*A birthday book, with no very distinctive feature about it.*]
DITCHFIELD, P. H.—Books Fatal to their Authors, 4/6 .....Stock
DOLMAN, F.—Municipalities at Work, 2/6 .....Methuen
ELWORTHY, F. T.—The Evil Eye, an Account of this Ancient and Widespread Superstition, 21/-.....Murray
FARROW, T.—The Money-Lender Unmasked, 3/6 ..Roxburghe Press
FORSYTH, J.—The Practical Elocutionist, 2/6 .....Blackie
[*The theoretical part of the book is intelligent, but in the numerous examples given for practice lies its main value. These are very varied, and include a large number that appear in no other book of the kind. Organisers of penny-readings, as well as students of elocution, will be grateful to the compiler.*]
Heine in Art and Letters, translated and edited by E. A. Sharp, Scott Library, 1/6 .....Scott
[*See p.* 26.]
KNAPP, J. M.—The Universities and the Social Problem, 5/- Macmillan
MARTIN, G. H.—The Evolution of the Massachusetts Public School System, 6/- .....Arnold
My Weather-wise Companion, by B. T., 1/- net .....Blackwood
[*Weather signs culled from popular tradition, superstition, and personal observation. One should test its forecastings for a year before delivering judgment. Some of its statements are indeed curious, and we recommend all interested in the weather—and who is not?—to buy the little book and test its contents.*]
NORDAU, MAX.—Degeneration, translated from the Second Edition of the German Work, 17/- net .....Heinemann
[*See p.* 13.]
PALGRAVE, Sir R. F. D.—The Chairman's Handbook.....S. Low
[*Palgrave's Chairman's Handbook has no rival. Everyone who presides over council or committee, and everyone who wishes to protest or expose a grievance in council or committee, has need of its guidance and support.*]
PAULSEN, F.—The German Universities, their Character, etc., translated by E. D. Perry, 7/- net .....Macmillan
PIERSON, A. T.—Life Power, or Character, Culture, and Conduct, 2/6 Passmore
POTT, W.—From a New England Hillside, 3/- .....Macmillan
SENIOR, Rev. W.—Turn and Turn About ....'Home Words' Office
[*Chivalrous counsel to working men to be considerate to their wives.*]
SKINNER, T.—Directory of Directors, 1895, 12/6.....Office
THWAITE, B. H.—The Electoral Government of Great Britain, 1/- S. Marshall
[*A Pan-Britannic pamphlet, containing suggestions for Referendum Senates for the Parliaments of Great Britain and Ireland, and for a Supreme Britannic Senate or Political Assembly for Great Britain.*]
UNDERWOOD, Late F. N.—Quabbin, the Story of a Small Town, 5/- Bliss
VESIAN, R. E. de.—Metropolitan Householder's Guide, 2/6 .....Cox
WAGNER, RICHARD.—Prose Works, translated by W. Ashton Ellis, vol. 3, 12/6 net .....K. Paul
WHEELER, M.—Whom to Marry, or All about Love and Matrimony, 3/6 .....Roxburghe Press
WINCH, R. F.—Notes on Lord Macaulay's Essays, Wm. Pitt, Earl of Chatham, 1834 and 1844, 2/6 net .....Simpkin

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between February 15th and March 15th, 1895:—

LONDON, E.C.

1. Foundations of Belief. A. J. Balfour. 12s. 6d. (Longman.)
2. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. 6s. (Hodder.)
3. Denney's Studies in Theology. 5s. (Hodder.)
4. Books of Lenten Sermons. Various.
5. The Woman Who Did. Grant Allen. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)
6. Lombard Street in Lent. 3s. 6d. (Elliot Stock.)

LONDON, W.C.

1. Balfour's Foundations of Belief.
2. Hope's God in the Car.
3. Gladstone's Psalter.
4. Allen's (Grant) Woman who Did.
5. Nordau's (Max) Degeneration.
6. Dolman's Municipalities at Work.

MANCHESTER.

1. Mysteries of Marseilles.
2. Woman who Did.
3. Lilac Sunbonnet.
4. Manxman.
5. Earl Lavender.
6. A Deal with the Devil.

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Mr. Balfour: The Foundations of Belief.
2. Romanes: Thoughts on Religion.
3. Paget: Studies in Christian Character.
4. Ian Maclaren: Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.
5. Parker: The Trail of the Sword.
6. Maccoll: Life Here and Hereafter.

BRADFORD.

1. Grant Allen's Woman who Did. 3s. 6d. net.
2. The Golden Pomp. By Q. 6s.
3. Romanes' Thoughts on Religion. 4s. 6d.
4. Castle Rackrent. 3s. 6d.
5. Japhet in Search of a Father. 3s. 6d.
6. Chronicles of Froissart. 3s. 6d. Globe edition.

NOTTINGHAM.

1. Balfour: The Foundations of Belief. 12s 6d.
2. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. 6s.
3. Crockett. 6s.
4. Tales of Mean Streets. 6s.
5. Paget's Studies in Christian Character. 6s. 6d.

SUNDERLAND.

1. Corelli's Barabbas. 6s.
2. Caine's Manxman. 6s.
3. Romanes' Thoughts on Religion. 4s. 6d.
4. Mrs. Henry Wood's Novels. Cheap ed.
5. Lent Manuals.

TRURO.

1. Balfour's Foundations of Belief.
2. The Manxman.
3. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.
4. Kidd's Social Evolution.
5. Couch's Holy Wells of Cornwall.

GLASGOW.

1. The Foundations of Belief. By Right Hon. A. J. Balfour. Second edition. 12s. 6d. (Longmans.)
2. Geography of the Holy Land. By Prof. Smith. 15s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
3. In Stevenson's Samoa. By Marie Fraser. 2s. 6d. (Smith, Elder & Co.)
4. Chambers' Gazetteer of the World. 6s. (Chambers.)
5. Self Culture. By Professor Blackie. 2s. 6d. (Douglas.)
6. The Book of Ezekiel. By the Rev. John Skinner, M.A. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

ABERDEEN.

1. Balfour's (A. J.) Foundations of Belief. 12s. 6d. (Longman.)
2. MacColl's (Canon) Life Here and Hereafter. 7s 6d. (Longman.)
3. Macmillan's New Illustrated Standard Novels. 3s. 6d. 'Castle Rackrent' and 'Japhet in Search of a Father.'
4. Angling Sketches. By Andrew Lang. Silver Library. 3s. 6d. (Longman), and other new vols. of the same series.
5. English Men of Letters Series, vols. 1, 2, 3. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

DUBLIN.

1. The Foundations of Belief. By A. J. Balfour. 12s. 6d. (Longmans.)
2. The Story of Early Gaelic Literature. By Douglas Hyde. 1s. and 2s. (Unwin.)
3. A Book of Irish Verse. Edited by W. B. Yeats. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)
4. Life after Death. By Rev. J. S. Vaughan. 1s. 6d. and 2s. (Gill & Son.)
5. Outlines of Dogmatic Theology. By Rev. S. Hunter. Vol. 1. 6s. 6d. (Longmans.)
6. The Channings. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 2s. (Bentley.)

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

TRADE NOTES.

LONDON, W.C.

Business with first editions of the works of modern authors, and of books of a humorous character, is very brisk; in fact, better than it has been for the last two years.

LIVERPOOL (1).

Business still very quiet and depressed. One would think trade was very brisk, to look at prices realised Friday last, at auction of a small library of good books of average editions.

LIVERPOOL (2).

Two most unusual "finds" have just been made by Messrs. Jaggard and Taylor. One is a copy of Browning's 'Pauline,' clean, uncut, and perfect, in the original binding. The other is a long-lost "Breeches" Bible, with manuscript pedigree attached of a well-known Earl, dating back to 1600. This has been restored to its rightful place in the nobleman's library.

HEREFORD.

Mr. Thomas Carver, the Old Book Store, has purchased part of the library of the late Bishop of Hereford.

ST. LEONARDS.

Trade has been decidedly better during the past month. Balfour's 'Foundations of Belief' is having a large sale, and the works of Crockett, Ian Maclaren, and Anthony Hope are in good demand. Lent literature selling briskly.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Mr. Williams, formerly of the Royal Victoria Library, has taken over the Mount Ephraim Library, Tunbridge Wells, until recently carried on by Mr. Hitchman.

LEAMINGTON.

'Art of the World,' 3 copies, £12 12s. 'Home and Haunts of Shakespeare,' 2 copies, £15 15s. All sold this year.

BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

J. S. AMOORE, 28, HIGH STREET, WIMBLEDON COMMON.

Barbizon School of Painting.
Grimble's Highland Sport, L.P.
Cassell's Wild Birds, 4 vols.
Bartlett's History of Wimbledon.

BARNICOTT & PEARCE, ATHENÆUM PRESS, TAUNTON.

Hugo's (Rev. J.) Works, except Bewick.
Webb's (Rev. A.) Works.
Dixon's Land of the Calm.
Griffis' Mikado's Empire.

JAS. BELL, CARLTON STREET, NOTTINGHAM.

Drummond's Jewish Messiah.
Oliphant's Sympneumata.

W. A. BONES, DEVIZES.

Percy's Antient Reliques, vol. 1.
Englishman's Greek New Testament (second-hand).
Dingley's History from Marble (Camden Society).

JOHN BRUNSKILL, 12, NEVILLE ST., YORK.

Landseer's Works, Virtue's ed., odd parts.
Turner Gallery " "
Landscape Album, illus. by Westall.
Ward's Methodism in Swaledale.
Drake's Eboracum.
Adam Clarke's Commentary, 6 vol. ed.
Good Works on Anatomy and Physiology.
Strand Magazine, parts, 1893.

THOMAS CARVER, 6, HIGH STREET, HEREFORD.

Duncumb's History of Herefordshire.
Anything on Cider.
" " Apple and Pear.
" " Fruit Trees.
The Anti-Pamela, any edition.
Love-letters of a Violinist.
Hereford Herd Book, vol. 4.

W. J. CLYMA, TRURO.

Condy's Cothele, coloured plates.
Caine's Tales from the West, 2 vols.
Sprigge's England's Recovery.
Courtney's Parliamentary Representation of Cornwall.

COMBRIDGE, 5, NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Morris's British Birds, half calf, 6 vols., latest edition.
Royal Academy Pictures, vol. 1.
Egyptian Book of the Dead, without plates.
J. Davidson's Plays, published singly.

A. COOPER, 63, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.

Wheeler's History of India, 5 vols., 1867-81.
Fencing, any old books on.
Bacon (Sir Francis), any old editions.
Buddhism, any works on.
Bon Ton Magazine, any volumes.
Any books with coloured engravings.
Any works or MSS. on vellum.
The Maid of Orleans, in English.
Military prints, coloured, any.
Waller's Poems, 1645 and 1664, 1685.
Keats' (J.) Poems, 1817, uncut.
Rosamund Gray, 1798.
Poetry for Children, 2 vols., 1809.
Lovelace's Lucasta, 1659.
Peregrine Pickle, 4 vols., 1751.
Recreations with the Muses, 1637.
Amelia, 4 vols., 1752.
Cowper's Poems, 1782; The Task, 1785.
Cokain's Poems, 1658.
Drummond's Poems, 1656.
Deserted Village, a Poem, 1770.

J. E. CORNISH, 16, ST. ANN'S SQUARE, MANCHESTER.

Haddon and Stubbs' English Councils, 4 vols.
Parker's Manuals of Ornament.
Pall Mall Magazine, vol. 1.
Belt's Naturalist in Nicaragua.
Northern Notes and Queries, Nos. 1 to 4.
Edgworth's Tales of Ireland.
Lord Brooke's Works, ed. by Grosart, 4 vols.
Kant's Critique of Pure Reason, vol. 2.
Bookworm, Nos. 15, 17.

R. INGALTON DRAKE, ETON.

Moore's Alps in 1864.

WILLIAM GEORGE'S SONS, BRISTOL.

Pater: Renaissance.
Jackson: The Tuileries, 2 vols.
" Court and Society, 2 vols.

GOULDEN & CURRY, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Robert Curtis' Rems. or Recs. of Irish Police Officer.
House of the Stanleys.

GEORGE GREGORY, BATH.

Curtis's Botanical Magazine, vols. 68, 69, 70.
" " " vols. 68 to 120 (end of 1894), or any run of these vols.
Landscape Annual, a fine clean set.
Rossilini's Egypt.

HARRISON & SONS, PALL MALL, S.W.

Gmelin's Chemistry, Index vol.
Bateman's Great Landowners.
Burton's Arabian Nights, 16 vols.
Stephen's General View of Criminal Law.
The Old Poor Law and the New Socialism (Cobden Club).
Leadam's Agriculture and the Land Laws.
Cairnes' (?) International Trade.

HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Taylor's, Rev. W. M., Life Truths, being Discourses on Christian Doctrine and Duty (London, 1862); The Miracles Helps to Faith, not Hindrances (Edinburgh, 1865); The Misery of the Masses, and How to Meet it (Liverpool, 1870).
Mary Pryor. By Miss Hack.

JAGGARD & TAYLOR, 81, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

(*Quote the numbers in reporting.*)

787 Lever's The O'Donoghue, parts 12, 13.
785, 607 My Ladies' Sonnets (Liverpool, 1887).
785 Books Bills of Narcissus, 1891, parchment.
785 Characteristics of Meredith, 1890.
709 Volumes in Folio, 1889 (E. Mathews).
783 Memoir of R. Stevenson (Edin., 1861).
783 Curiosa Mathematica, part 1.
781 Young Folk's Weekly Budget, 1873-74.
777, 715, 577 Houghton's Mercantile Tables.
777 Bogue's Fight of the Fiddlers, 1848.
775 Leaves from the Journal of our Life in Highlands, 4to, red cloth, 1868.
773 Irvine's Dora Ashley, 2s. 6d. (Shaw).
769 Hours of Exercise in the Alps, 1871.
781 A. W. Moore's The Alps in 1864.
763 Sidman's Newspaper Book-keeping.
763 Graves' Dict. of Artists, 1760 to 1880.
761 J. J. Barrett's Pamphlet or Leaflet Poems.
745 Brian Fairfax's Life of George Villiers, Second Duke of Buckingham, 1680?
745 Ferrier's Marriage, 2 vols., 1882 (Bentley).
741 Jerrold's Shilling Magazine, vols. 6, 7.

LEDWARD, BIBBY & CO., 26, CHAPEL STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Report on any books, newspapers, pamphlets, manuscripts, etc., relating to Mexico.

LIBRARIAN, ST. EDWARD'S SCHOOL, OXFORD.

A. C. Barrett's Companion to New Testament (Cambridge).
Seebohm's Siberia in Europe.
" Siberia in Asia.
Jefferies' After London.

LUPTON BROS., BURNLEY.

Eliot's (George) Brother and Sister and Agatha, as published.
Jefferies' (Richard) Suecide and Reporting and Editing, as issued.
De Foe's Works (Talboys, Oxford, 1840).
Gordon's Pinetum, 8vo (Bohn, 1875).
Grote's Greece, 12 vols., 8vo.
Somerville's The Chase, good type.
Kingsley's Good News of God, 6th edition (Macmillans, 1877).

B. & J. F. MEEHAN, 32, GAY STREET, BATH.

Syntax's Tones, 3 vols., nos. or boards.
Tale of Two Cities, 1st ed.
Tales from Shakespeare, 2 vols., 12mo, 1807.
Thackeray's Book of Snobs, sm. 8vo, 1848.
Thackeray's Works, in nos., any.
Titmarsh's, M. A., Works, any.
Tristram Shandy, 9 vols., 12mo, 1759-76.
Uncommercial Traveller, The.
Village Coquettes, a Comic Opera, 1836.
Waltz, an Apostrophic Hymn, by Horace Hornem, thin 4to, 1813.
Sibthorp's Flora Græcæ, 10 vols., folio, good price.
Bath Book, Views, or Caricatures.
Byron: All editions, and references.

MIDLAND EDUCATIONAL CO., LD., LEAMINGTON SPA.

Liddell and Scott's Greek-English Lexicon.
Questions on Logic, part 1 (Clive).
Sweet's Anglo-Saxon Reader (S. H.)
Sarum Missal.
Marsh and Allport's Candidates' Manual.
Harris's Old Coaching Days, 18s.

J. MITCHELL, TALBOT ROAD, WREXHAM.

Rev. W. M. Taylor: Sermons preached at Bootle, 1860-70.
Dr. Drysdale: Life the Equivalence of Force.
Homœopathic Medical Works, any.

G. W. NIVEN, 27, BRYMNER STREET, GREENOCK.

Booth's Reprint of Shakespeare's Pericles, Poems, and Doubtful Plays.
Cassell's Family Magazine, Nov., 1893.

J. T. NOTCUTT, 37, BATH STREET, LEAMINGTON.

Works on Angling and Fishing.

JAS. PARKER & CO., 27, BROAD STREET, OXFORD.

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Wright's Fragments of Curetonian Gospels, 1872.
Estcourt's Anglican Ordinations.
Cureton's Syriac Gospels, 1858.
Molière, Bohn's translation, vol. 1.

PARRY & CO., MOUNT PLEASANT, LIVERPOOL.

Roscoe and Schorlemmer, vol. 3, any part.
Hallam, Literary Hist., 8vo, vol. 3, 1873.
Marshall and Hurst, Zoology.
Buckle, Civilisation, vol. 2, 8vo.
" " 3 vol. edition.
Maritime Notes and Queries, vols. 5, 6, 7, 8.
Stubbs' Constitutional History.
Froude's History of England (Silver Lib.).
" Short Studies "
" " vol. 3, 8vo, cloth.
Le Gallienne's Ladies' Sonnets.
Mommsou's History of Rome.
Kitchen's History of France.
Stanley's Jewish Church, 18s.
Ward's English Poets, vol. 4, 8s. 6d. ed.
Cunningham's Letters of Horace Walpole.
Hamilton's French Book-plates.
Slater's Engravings.
Ireland's Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, and Lamb.

PUBLIC FREE LIBRARY, DEWSBURY.

Praed's Year Book of Liberty in Ireland.

SANDELL & SMITH, 136, CITY ROAD, E.C.

Tulloch's Theology, vol. 1, 1872.
Thackeray's Virginians, vol. 1, 1868.
" Pendennis, vol. 2, 1861.
Snow's (W. P.) Southern Generals.
Palmer's (Mrs.) Promise of the Father.

JAMES SLACK, DURHAM.

Camb's Greek Testament (St. Luke and St. John).
Perry's Church History.
Lewis and Short's Latin Dictionary.
Blakesley's Herodotus, vol. 2.
Furneaux's Tacitus, large or small.
Keble's Hooker, 3 vols.
Bohn's Gibbon's Rome, vols. 3 and after.

T. SMYTH, 35, QUEEN STREET, BELFAST.

Berjean's Bookworm, vol. 1.
Stock's " Nos. 37, 38, 50, 52.
Hill's Plantation of Ulster.
" Macdonalds of Antrim.
Stokes' Early Irish Architecture.
Madden's United Irishmen, 4 vols.; 2 copies vol. 1.
Campbell's Tales of the West Highlands, vols. 1 and 2.
Illustrations of Scotland and the Waverley Novels, 4to, vol. 1.
Swan's Lakes of Scotland, 4to, vol. 1 proofs.

W. T. SPENCER, 27, NEW OXFORD ST., W.C.

Stevenson (R. L.), any 1st editions.
Lever's (C.), any odd parts or vols., 1st eds.
Phiz, any books or pamphlets illustrated by.

C. TERRY & CO., 80, COLEMAN STREET, LONDON WALL, E.C.

R. L. Stevenson's Works, early writings.
Andrew Lang "
Title to Stevenson's Donkey, 1st edition.
Phantasms of the Living, 2 vols.
Lord's Naturalist in Vancouver, 2 vols.
Travels of Marco Polo, 2 vols., 1875.

CHAS. THURNAM & SONS, CARLISLE.

Bruce's Roman Wall.
Ferguson's River Names.
Cumberland and Westmoreland Pedigrees.

W. H. TICKELL, 61, BLESSINGTON ROAD, LEWISHAM, S.E.

Crockett's Stickit Minister, 1st edition.
Maclaren's Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush, 1st edition.
Alpine Journal, vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.
Froude's Short Studies, 4 vols., 8vo.
Crowe and Cavalcaselle's History of Painting, vol. 3, £5 offered.

OCTAVUS TOMSON, CAMBRIDGE.

Chaucer's Works, by Tyrwhitt, vols. 2 and 3.
Anstey's Vice Versa, 8vo.
Dibb's Worked Examples in Mechanics (Clive).
Pick-Me-Up, vol. 3.
Matthew Henry's Family Bible, by Blomfield, vols. 2 and 3, illus., 4to, 1816.
Finch's English Law of Contract, royal 8vo.
Mary Ann Wellington, 6d. ed.
Spectator, vol. 1, 8vo, 1797.
Nicholas Nickleby, vol. 1, 8vo, cloth, 1858.

C. WHITTAKER, ROYAL VICTORIA LIBRARY ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.

Kelly's Landed Gentry, 1894, cheap.

E. B. WILDMAN, 10, JAMES STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Vol. 1 Natural History Section English Cyclopædia (Knight, 1853).
The Antiquarian Itinerary, 8 vols. 8vo, vol. 5, in original boards.
Burns, by Cunningham, 12mo, cloth (Cochrane, 1834), vols. 2 and 4.

JAMES YATES, PUBLIC LIBRARIAN, LEEDS,

Scott's Minstrelsy, vols. 2-6 (Cadell).
Chambers' Encyclopædia, vol. 8, 1866.
Leeds Biographies.
Black and White, vol. 3.
Arena, vols. 1-5.
Scottish Review, vols. 4-6.
Archæologia, vols. 4, 8.
Yorkshire Owl, vols. 1-2.
Browning Soc. Papers, parts 3-6.
Royal Colonial Institute Proc., vol. 3.
Chemical Trades Journal, vol. 2.
Nicholson and Burns' Westmoreland and Cumberland.

BOOKS FOR SALE.

F. KIRK, 16, HIGH STREET, LEICESTER.

R. L. Stevenson's Treasure Island, 1st ed.
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" Father Damien "
" The Merry Men "
" The Dynamiter "
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Moore's Irish Melodies, with Music, illustrated, 4to, cloth, 1859, 8s. 6d.
Nicols' Snakes, Marsupials, and Birds, illus., cloth, 3s. 6d.
American Pictures, drawn with Pen and Pencil, illus., 4s.
The Soldier on Active Service (Campaign in Italy), 8vo, cloth, 1850, 4s.
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